The Outlook

NOVEMBER 1, 1922

LYMAN ABBOTT, FOR FORTY-SIX YEARS EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THIS JOURNAL, DIED IN NEW YORK CITY ON OCTOBER 22, IN THE EIGHTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE

HE looked forward to this day without dread; he even looked for it with curiosity; for he thought of it as the beginning of a great adventure, as a time of falling asleep and waking to find himself at home, as a passage across the threshold to another room. He had fought a good fight—he was willing to trust his comrades to continue the battle. He had finished his course—he was willing to trust his message to those who would carry it on. He had kept the faith—and he was willing to trust that the faith would still be guarded.

Many have faith like his in God; but not many have such faith as his in men. In no respect did he show this faith more clearly than in the conduct of this journal. The trust that he reposed in his associates remains to-day their greatest heritage from him.

Because he trusted his associates, he laid upon their shoulders during the latter years of his life a steadily increasing responsibility for editorial decisions. He did this, not because he sought relief from labor, but because he saw that only in this way could that labor be made enduring. He did this freely and happily because he knew that his associates shared his convictions concerning the fundamental principles of life.

These principles he found supremely expressed in Jesus of Nazareth. Every problem of conduct, whether involving individual action or National policy, he referred to those principles for solution. He became and remained, as he said, the student of one Book and the follower of one Man.

Life he saw as a struggle, and the end of that struggle was life. Conflict he neither sought nor avoided, but when he found himself in the midst of battle he fought for the peace of victory. This is the peace which he sought in his own life, in the life of his own land, and in the development of humankind.

Believing in the peace of victory, he found natural comrades in those who, like himself, were doers as well as preachers of the Word. So in his earlier years he fought side by side with Beecher; so in his later years he gave his trust and support to Roosevelt.

He was indifferent to partisan and factional labels. If consistency meant stubborn adherence to what he found to be false, he was willing to be inconsistent. He kept his mind always open to new evidence and was unafraid in the search for truth. He could change his opinions without fear because he knew his convictions were unchangeable.

The power which Lyman Abbott exercised through this journal lay not chiefly in what he wrote, though the simplicity of his style was the most fitting medium for the clarity of his thought. Nor did his power lie chiefly in the counsel he gave, though that was invariably wise. His power lay chiefly in his life. He not only preached justice, mercy, and loyalty to the eternal; he was just, merciful, and loyal in all that he did and all that he was.

That power is a living force to-day. Many times before this he has gone, as now again he has gone—into another room. We are not reconciled to the loss of the sound of his voice; we cannot so soon accustom ourselves to the thought that we shall not see him again; but we shall not be deprived of the power that he imparted, for that is the power of his life.

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THE WEEK

THIS issue of The Outlook was partly on the press when word came of the death of Lyman Abbott.

Those who knew the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook will understand why his colleagues felt that he would not wish any departure from the normal course of publication.

For this reason, we shall wait until next week to give to his friends, known and unknown, a record of his life and of the tributes which marked his passing.

THE BRITISH POLITICAL CRISIS

HOW suddenly the political kaleidoscope may turn in Great Britain is illustrated by the fact that a cable despatch from London printed in New York on October 19 bore the heading "Lloyd George Sure of Caucus Victory," while in the same paper of October 20 we find the title "Lloyd George Steps Out."

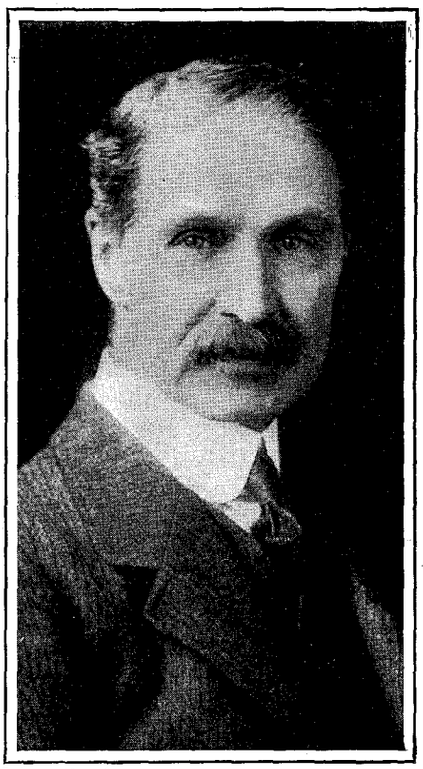
The end of the Coalition formed in 1914 was certain from the hour when Mr. Bonar Law at the Carlton Club threw in his lot with that wing of the Conservative Party which is tired of political union with the Liberals and the leadership of Lloyd George, and wants to fight on the old party lines again. Mr. Bonar Law has faithfully worked with Lloyd George to carry on sound government, and only a week or so before the action at the Carlton Club approved Lloyd George's action in making a firm stand on the Asian side of the Straits.

This is one of many indications that the death of the Coalition is directly due, not to Near East questions, but to those of British internal politics, and largely that of the balance between the old parties and the Labor Party.

A political campaign moves quickly in England. Mr. Lloyd George, after the Conservatives at the Carlton Club had voted by 186 to 87 adversely as to the maintenance of the Coalition, went at once to the King and, as is the custom, put his resignation in the King's hands —"kissed hands" is the traditional phrase. The King summoned Andrew Bonar Law and asked him to form a new Cabinet. Then Bonar Law was formally chosen party leader of the Conservatives. On October 24 Bonar Law announced his Ministry; its most important members are:

> Lord President of the Council, Marquis of Salisbury; Lord High Chancellor, Viscount Cave; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Stanley Baldwin; Secretary for Home Affairs, William C. Bridgeman; Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Marquis Curzon; Secretary for the Colonies, the Duke of Devonshire; Secretary for India, Viscount Peel; Secretary for War, the Earl of Derby.

The King will dissolve Parliament, warrants for new elections will be issued, the campaign will be fought quickly and hotly, and presumably this great appeal to the country will be heard, decided, and all over in a month,



International

BONAR LAW, GREAT BRITAIN'S NEW PREMIER

whereas our election campaign has been going on all summer and most of the fall.

Lloyd George is an old campaigner. With his usual promptitude, he began his fight before the formal preliminaries had been concluded. The day after he resigned he declared to a great crowd: "I am a free man. The burden is off my shoulders. But the sword is in my hand!" And in what we would call a car tail-end speech he said at Bedford: "I am glad to find no end of great hearts. It is with these hearts that I am going into battle to win. I come before you as one of the great unemployed."

Arrived at Leeds, he made a long and vigorous speech, the keynote of which was, "I stand for the people," based on his declaration that "the banner of party strife has been raised in the Carlton Club," and that the question is one between the will of the people and the success of party. He defended the work of his Government in war and peace, and put the case colloquially when he said: "They say I was a very good war Premier, but the war is over now. I was like a doctor who was good in life-and-death cases, but couldn't cure a headache. I haven't got the proper bedside manner. When one cuts expenses it brings in no votes, yet as the result of our financial policy the sovereign is beginning to look the dollar in the face."

The political situation is made complex by the fact that some influential Conservative leaders, such as Lord Balfour, Lord Birkenhead, Austen Chamberlain, and Sir Robert Horne, are still supposed to desire the continuance of the Coalition, while, on the other hand, many Liberals of the Asquith stripe are opposed to it. A London correspondent of the New York "Herald" puts it this way:

> Mr. Lloyd George, who during the war split the Liberal party into two sections, has now done the same thing by the Unionist party. Thus, instead of the two original parties, there now are four, with the Labor party making the fifth. There no longer will be an Irish party, which for so many years during the great Home Rule agitation was able to dominate the Westminster Parliament by throwing its seventy members to whichever side it chose.

THE TURK IN EUROPE

THE formal re-entry of the Turk into Constantinople will soon take place. Already the symbol of Turkish rule has been raised in Constantinople. Refet Pasha passed through Constantinople on his way to Eastern Thrace, where he is to act as the civil commissioner for the Kemalist Government there to be established. The sight in Constantinople

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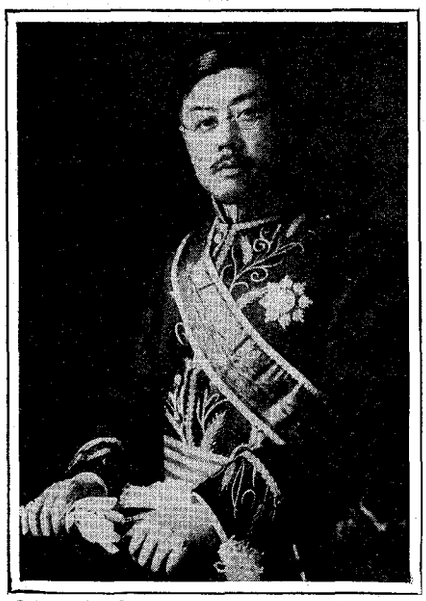

International
DR. W. W. YEN, PREMIER OF CHINA LAST JUNE

when Refet made his triumphal entry on October 19 was extraordinary. The Turks of the great city gave him a foretaste of the reception they are planning for Kemal.

Refet rode through wildly cheering masses across the famous bridge from Galata to Stamboul. He was accompanied by the man who is to be Governor of Adrianople, the Turks' sacred city, ravished from them in the Balkan War, and now to be humbly returned. With him were gorgeously clad officials and a detachment of the Nationalist army. There were green arches in honor of Kemal's victories, red flags with the Star and Crescent and the green war flag of the Prophet waved, while Turkish bands played their independence march, sheep were slaughtered as a sacrifice along the line in Oriental style, and Greeks, Armenians, and Jews hid away or wore the Moslem fez. Meanwhile, from Adrianople and Eastern Thrace a vast mass of fleeing Christians and Jews (350,000 is one estimate) has fled westward rather than accept Turkish rule.

All this took place under the supervision of Allied forces still in possession; but when Kemal comes, as he will soon, there will be no Allied forces in Constantinople, and if the Christian and Jewish quarters are spared it will be by Kemal's orders. It should be remembered that the humiliation which the Western or Christian world is undergoing in seeing Turkey now dominant in Constantinople and dominant in Eastern Thrace, and alone of Germany's allies better off in its European possessions than it was before the war broke out in 1914—this humiliation, we say, was not, as many people suppose, a consequence of Kemal's great victory, for the great Allies had agreed to these very things months before Kemal swept the Greeks through Asia Minor like chaff before the storm. Perhaps the settlement is the best that the general condition of the Near East and its complicated problems makes possible, but it certainly is not an inspiring or enjoyable situation.

CHINA AGAIN IN FERMENT

China's development, it has often been said, depends upon internal peace. It depends rather upon order and justice. And when there is corruption combined with governmental feebleness it is impossible to secure order and justice without a disturbance of the peace. If China is to take her place by the side of other Powers whose authority is recognized and whose rights are acknowledged, she must find some way of establishing a really sovereign government. At present China has no government which other governments can hold responsible, and as long as her provinces are subject to the control of their military governors, known as tuchuns, there can be no China worthy of the name of nation. Some of the most enlightened leaders in China recognize this fact, and the disturbances in China during the past few months have been in part the result of attempts to establish a central authority and secure Chinese unification.

Yet more and more it becomes evident that the reconstruction of China must await the utter bankruptcy of militarism. The story of the fight for republican stability since the Chinese crisis of 1917 dividing the twenty-one provinces into a "North" and a "South" has been that of an ever-narrowing circle of military leaders contending for the control of Peking for financial reasons. The manipulation of the Central Government paid dividends to the winner, while the unsuccessful contenders for place have been steadily eliminated.

By last spring the power north of the Yangtze River had gravitated into the hands of three outstanding figures—Tsao Kun with his then lieutenant, Wu Pei-fu, opposing Chang Tso-lin in his descent upon China's capital from Manchuria. To-day Tsao remains as tuchun in his bailiwick of Chihli Province overshadowed by Wu and stripped of his primary military and thus political importance. Wu Pei-fu's only rival, Chang Tso-lin, retreating after his defeat to his Manchurian kingdom, has completely reorganized his forces. The consensus of opinion in China is that Chang to-day constitutes a greater menace than ever before to his opponents in Central China.

With China in the critical position she occupies at this time, the position of the Southern leaders ousted from Canton in refusing to accept office in the reorganization of Peking's Government, under the acting presidency of Li Yuan-hung, at first sight seems playing selfish politics. Why does not Sun Yat-sen, the driving force in China's growing democratic nationalism, co-operate without hesitancy?

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DR. WANG CHUNG-HUI, PREMIER OF CHINA SINCE JULY

Far from being eliminated as a political factor in China's politics, Sun remains in Shanghai from the deep conviction that until the outcome of the conflict brewing in North China no man can do anything to help Peking out of the hole it is in with any lasting results for China's sorely tried republicanism. So long as Peking remains in the grip of contending armies, the possibility of taking hold of China's actual bankruptcy is dubious. The position of Sun Yat-sen's party is that the millstone of military politics remains around the neck of any government now taking office. Until events take that millstone off, the chances of responsible government succeeding in the task of republican reconstruction are held to be slim.

As Chang Tso-lin continues to reestablish his power in Manchuria, the position of the other super-tuchun of China, Wu Pei-fu, becomes more and more threatened. Only the lack of funds prevents Wu from attacking his rival to-day. In the meantime Sun, though driven from his capital, retains the loyalty of his main army. His forces have now turned on the neighboring province of Fukhien, and have taken the capital. A reconstitution of the Southern Government in Foochow is in the

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offing, with a general realignment of interests. Wu is likely to be crushed by a new attack from Manchuria combined with the defection of some of his allies. The result will probably be to leave supreme in North China a single military leader against whom no liberal civil leadership would avail. But after a period of inevitable reaction, the grind of destiny will bring into power those men, both North and South, who are determined to build in China an enduring government of the people, by the people, and for the people. The next few months are likely to try the souls of those who believe in a republican China. But until the nightmare of militarism has worn itself out there is little real place for democratic government in Peking, a financial house-cleaning, and the necessary material support from the Powers.

CHINESE CHRISTIANS IN POLITICS

It is perhaps something more than a coincidence that the most effective political leadership at Peking and the most effective military leadership in Wu Pei-fu's army have both been in the hands of Chinese Christians.

In the enormous mass of the Chinese population Christians constitute a very small proportion, but their place in Chinese leadership has been of very great importance.

In June, upon the triumph of Wu Pei-fu, there came into office China's first Christian Premier, Dr. W. W. Yen. Like many other Chinese who have represented China in her foreign relations, Dr. Yen had a foreign training. He was graduated at St. John's University (Episcopalian) in Shanghai and studied in the United States at the University of Virginia, where he attained the scholarly distinction of membership in the Phi Beta Kappa. He returned to China to take a professorship in St. John's University. The famous Chinese diplomat Wu Ting-fang was the first to induce him to go into politics. At the outbreak of the war Dr. Yen was Minister to both Germany and Denmark, and he stayed in Berlin until China entered the war, when he withdrew to Copenhagen. He was Minister of Foreign Affairs in China for two or three years, until he became Premier.

Having accepted the Premiership only temporarily, Dr. Yen was succeeded by another Christian Chinese in the Premiership, Dr. C. H. Wang. Like Dr. Yen, Dr. Wang received a foreign training. He is a graduate of Yale and has specialized in law. He has been China's Chief Justice, and while Chief Justice was a delegate of China to the Armament Conference at Washington. In manner Dr. Wang is mild and gentle, but he made upon those who met him in Washington during that Conference an impression that could only be made by a firm and strong personality. No one meeting Dr. Wang and knowing his record can doubt his patriotism, or his public spirit, or his disinterested purpose to serve his people. In spite of his helplessness in the face of the military situation, to have such a man as that in public office in China, and particularly in office as Prime Minister, is of real promise for China's future.

GENERAL FENG

CHINESE CHRISTIANS IN WAR

While these men of Christian faith and high character have been in political office, the most effective military leadership in China has undoubtedly been that of another Christian, General Feng Yu-hsiang. He has not only been the most effective general in war, but he has also been and is the Governor of Honan Province. He has been likened more than once to Oliver Cromwell, and his men to Cromwell's Ironsides.

General Feng's methods of fighting may revolutionize military operations in China—and revolutionize them for the better. A people of industry and thrift, who have long had reason to be disgusted with political corruption and with militarism, the Chinese generally seem not to have much stomach for fighting. As we have had occasion to say before now, and as many of our readers need not to be told, until recently in so-called battles in China there has not been much bloodshed nor much determination for victory. The so-called battles have been largely maneuvers. When one force has maneuvered another force into a bad position, the general on the losing side has followed the example of the chess player and has usually yielded the game. "You win," says the defeated general; "we will drop this, and start a new campaign." At this point the victorious soldiers then begin their real operations. Unopposed and unhindered, they run amuck with fire and sword. They loot, destroy, kill, and torture. Their victims are the unarmed and pacifist population. This is the natural and practically inevitable fruit of pacifism. The result is a loss of life and an amount of suffering greatly exceeding even the worst involved in modern warfare. In the Chinese variety of battle the soldiers are safe; it is the defenseless civilian population, especially the women and children, who are the victims.

Feng has changed that. Feng's army does not slaughter the defenseless. It fights those who would slaughter the defenseless. General Feng himself is a Methodist convert, and about eighty per cent of his soldiers are said to be Christians, and of the officers all are Christians. According to information we have received, Feng regularly employs two evangelists to work among his troops at all times, and occasionally some of the leading missionary evangelists go for two or three weeks among the soldiers. When Feng's troops encamp, all evil women in the vicinity are immediately driven out. The officers meet regularly for Bible study in a sort of normal class; then in turn they hold Bible study classes with the soldiers. The spirit of Cromwell's Ironsides has seemed to reappear in Feng's camp. Like Cromwell's men, Feng's soldiers are relentless in battle. Without unduly idealizing the men of Feng's army, it is possible to regard them as a vast improvement over the Chinese soldiers who count cowardice a virtue and adorn it with atrocity.

If the Chinese can get the spirit of Yen and Wang into public office and the spirit of Feng into the army, they may make of their country a really great nation. They may create a force which will be equally unselfish in service and inexorable against exploitation. There is no greater libel that has ever been uttered against Christianity than that it is a religion of feebleness. On the con-

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trary, it is a religion that, for the protection of the weak and the service of all, first creates and then harnesses power. It does not seem to us by chance that Christian influence seems to have introduced power into the public life of China.

THAT GOOD OLD GULF STREAM!

RUMORS seem to have been circulated all over the world that some evil-disposed corporations have laid hands upon the Gulf Stream, have been utilizing it to their own advantage, and have thereby put the world in a parlous condition. Happily, the fact seems to be that the good old Gulf Stream is still carrying on and is benefiting commerce and climate in the most benignant manner. The whole thing is an amusing illustration of the way in which a scientific hypothesis may be twisted into a note of alarm and terror. An eminent French scientist, Professor Berget, who is the Director of the Bureau of Oceanography in Paris, seems to have discussed the possible results that might come *if* the Gulf Stream were turned from its course, say, by completing "the railway that goes to sea" all the way from Florida to Cuba—than which nothing is less likely. Thereupon the newspaper sensationalists and headliners represented Professor Berget as declaring that terrible evils were about to befall the world because of what already had been done in Florida; Scotland, we believe, was to become a country of Polar ice; England was to have its temperature drop to forty degrees below zero, and it was to become impossible to grow crops in western Europe.

Our American scientists, and especially the officials of the United States Weather Bureau, immediately came to the defense of the Gulf Stream, and Europe is now safe. They declared that nothing had been done or was likely to be done which would shift the Gulf Stream, and that even if it were thrown out of its present channel it was more than doubtful whether the effect on Europe's weather would be what had been predicted. All sorts of other scientists and practical men came to the rescue also to show that nothing whatever had been done to call for alarm or sensation.

Finally, an amusing aspect of the discussion cropped up when it was asserted that the whole excitement had arisen from the efforts of various Florida boomers to show that their particular towns had the very best conceivable climate in the world because the Gulf Stream had very kindly moved over in their direction. Thereupon the whole discussion resolved itself into an interesting but highly academic inquiry as to what might happen perhaps a few hundred centuries from now if the Gulf Stream should suddenly and unexpectedly move westward. In that case, say the learned men, it might be that a large part of Europe would become another "Siberian anticyclonic zone." Professor Berget sensibly remarks as to this, "Why be frightened by possibilities that are never likely to be transformed into probabilities?" But this of course was not headlined by the sensationalists.

FOR BETTER RACE RELATIONS

AN extensive report has been made by the Commission on Race Relations appointed by former Governor Lowden, of Illinois, to study the history and meaning of the race riot which took place in Chicago in 1919. As a result a formidable volume of 650 pages has been printed for the Commission by the University of Chicago Press.

If this volume dealt solely with the Chicago riots it might be of limited value, but it contains a large amount of matter bearing on the race question the country over. It should prove of high importance as material for study of the question anywhere in America. The recommendations made, former Governor Lowden declares, will, if acted upon, make a repetition of the tragedy of 1919 impossible. He particularly calls attention to the recommendation that permanent local commissions on race relations be created. As a proof of the value of this, he can well point to the work of the Chicago Commission. Its appointment was the Governor's first act after the riots and while the danger of recurrence was imminent. From the date of the appointment, confidence was restored and conditions rapidly improved. The Commission was composed of carefully selected representatives of both races; they worked without friction and agreed substantially on facts and on recommendations.

One interesting fact was that the minimum of friction between the races existed in Chicago in just that part of the city in which colored people have lived longest and in the largest numbers. It was the floating population of Negroes seeking work and the less intelligent white workers who thought that they might be driven out by a flood of Negro labor that were behind the ill feeling. Thus, when regrettable and causeless incidents occurred, the hatred behind the incidents led to the outbreak of savagery.

The sequence of events in this Chicago riot is typical of the way in which such bloodthirsty affairs spring up suddenly and as suddenly run wild. A white saloon-keeper died of heart trouble, but some reckless reporter wrote that he had been killed by a Negro; that night white toughs fired on a group of Negroes; similar incidents followed, until not long before the riot two colored men were shot down absolutely without cause or reason except race hatred, and, so the Commission reports, policemen who saw the murders refused to make arrests. So hate and violence increased until one Sunday at a lake-front beach a young Negro, who had swum pushing a log before him over into the section of water supposed by an invisible line to be reserved for whites only, was stoned, let go his log, and was drowned. This was the event that started the reign of terror, and within a few days there were 38 deaths (15 of whites and 23 of Negroes) and 537 people were injured. In time order was restored, but too late to save lives of innocent people or homes from destruction.

It was perfectly evident to everybody that the work was, as the Governor said, the work of the worst element of both races. So the Governor's Commission set to work to study the question thoroughly and impartially. No fewer than fifty-nine recommendations are made, ranging from large questions, such as the causes of all race antagonism and racial intolerance, down to the suggestions that the word Negro should be spelled with a capital "N" and the word "nigger" should be avoided as a needless provocative. The recommendations are notable for their specific form and are addressed specifically in groups to all the municipal boards, to municipal and State officials, to the courts, and to the public at large. We commend this study of a troublesome and serious question to all who wish to see the relations of the white and colored races improved.

THE COMING ELECTION

IT will be somewhat difficult to disentangle from the results of the coming election on November 7 the settlement of any National issue. Most of the elections of Senators, Representatives in Congress, and Governors will be determined to a large extent by local and personal conditions. There are, however, two important National questions upon which the vote will throw at least some light—the question of prohibition, and the question as to whether the country is on the whole satisfied with the general course of the present Administration in Washington.

It may be set down as an almost invariable political law that mid-Administration elections are usually unfavora-

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ble. All Presidents are apt to fall short of what is expected of them during their first year and a half of office. Every time the party of opposition returns to power its adherents expect its Presidential nominee to bring about a political millennium. This was so when Mr. Wilson was elected; it will prove to be so in the case of Mr. Harding, and especially because he was elected by such an overwhelming and unprecedented majority. We may therefore fully expect to find partisan Democratic papers on November 8 pointing out that Mr. Harding and all his ways and works have been repudiated; and equally we may find partisan Republican papers proving how astonishing it is that so many Democrats who voted for him in 1920 have stayed by him. We do not think that mid-Administration elections are very significant thermometers regarding the political temperature produced by Presidential policies. The real test in this respect will come two years from now.

More decisive conclusions may be drawn from the vote on the prohibition question. In Ohio there will be a popular referendum on the modification of the State liquor law by raising the legal alcoholic content of beverages. The "Wets" thus propose to relieve State officers from any responsibility in the enforcement of the Volstead Act. If the proposal is carried, it can have no other effect than registering the sentiment of the majority of the people of Ohio upon the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Law; for Federal officers will still possess the same authority that they possessed before. As a means, however, of registering public opinion the proposal has been shrewdly drawn by those who wish to modify or weaken the Prohibition Amendment, and the result will be significant. In New Jersey the issue is very clear cut. Senator Frelinghuysen is running for re-election as an avowed supporter of the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Enforcement Act; Governor Edwards is running against him for the Senatorship in avowed opposition to prohibition in all its phases. If Senator Frelinghuysen should win, it would be reasonable to make the deduction that the sentiment on the Atlantic seaboard is favorable to prohibition. In California Mr. Richardson is running for the Governorship as a "Dry" candidate, and while his campaign turns to some extent upon questions of taxation and economy, if he should be elected it would be a distinct triumph for prohibition sentiment. In Nebraska Senator Hitchcock, the Democratic nominee to succeed himself in the United States Senate, has come out openly as favoring prohibition, although he has heretofore been counted among the "Wets." It is said that Mr. Bryan is now supporting him, while in the past he has opposed him because of their differences on the liquor question. We look upon these various tests of prohibition sentiment with some concern. Now that the Amendment is a part of the Constitution it should be given a fair trial, and it cannot be given a fair trial with some of the country half-heartedly wet and some of the country half-heartedly dry.

In New York State the chief and perhaps the only contest of National interest is that between Governor Miller, the Republican nominee, and ex-Governor "Al" Smith, the Democratic nominee. Governor Miller has never made a special feature of his views on prohibition, but ex-Governor Smith is avowedly for "light wines and beer." The contest is, however, really between an extraordinarily magnetic personality, on the one hand, and a candidate who makes his appeal not through personal popularity, but through the highest standards of efficiency in political administration. If Governor Miller wins, it will be because the voters of New York have resisted the temptation to vote for the candidate whom they thoroughly like, in spite of his association with Tammany Hall, in order to place again in the Governor's chair a man who has shown as scrupulous honesty and as high standards of efficiency as perhaps have ever been displayed at Albany.

The Middle West, as Mr. Davenport's articles and some of the political correspondence elsewhere in this issue have pointed out, is seething with dissatisfaction about more economic and social conditions than can be catalogued and tabulated. In Wisconsin Senator La Follette and his organization are appealing to all those who for one reason or another dislike certain American traditions. Unfortunately, pro-Germanism in the worst sense of that word still flourishes in this country. In Iowa the candidacy of Colonel Brookhart for the Senatorship is the result of dissatisfaction of the farmers of the Middle West, who feel that everybody but themselves has had political consideration in the economic readjustment following the war.

In spite of the confusion of issues, we are inclined to think that the candidates and the platforms and the policies of the coming election are on the whole better, both morally and intellectually, than they might easily have been in such a period of complete disorganization as the world finds itself in at the present moment.

LLOYD GEORGE IN ECLIPSE

As no man can live wholly unto himself, so no nation can change its government, or even its policies foreign or domestic, without affecting other nations. In one sense, whether Great Britain chooses to displace Lloyd George from the head of the British Government is no concern of ours. Certainly Americans have no right to ask the British people to consider their wishes in the matter. And yet decisions affecting the interests of America as well as of France, Russia, Italy, and Germany, the peoples of the Balkans, the Near East, and even possibly nations on the other side of the globe, will be affected by the fact that the man who came into power in Britain when Britain was fighting with but a fraction of her strength, turned the resources of the Empire over to the cause of victory, guided the nation not only through a military triumph but through a diplomatic triumph even more notable, virtually banished the Irish question as a plague of English politics and as an American bugbear, and diverted into normal channels of protest revolutionary sentiment that was making the labor problem an international one, has now been dismissed. In another sense, therefore, the change in the British Government is very much our concern. We are not responsible for it. We can do nothing about it. But we shall be undoubtedly affected by it.

Though the cause of Lloyd George's retirement as Prime Minister was chiefly, if not wholly, one of domestic politics, its effect will nowhere be felt more definitely than in Britain's foreign affairs.

On the wisdom of the change from the British point of view American comment is not likely to be helpful. In the first place, it is not likely to be adequately informed; an ignorant comment is likely to be irritating even to those whom it favors. Even English comment is not altogether clarifying. It is not by any means certain that the English people themselves understand what has been done or why it has been done. Some of the old-time distinctions between Liberals and Conservatives have been obliterated by the effects of the war and by the subsequent, if not wholly consequent, social and economic changes in England. Now that the Coalition has broken up, the old Liberal party seems still feeble, while a Government conducted, as Bonar Law's Government seems to be, by those who used to be recognized as the governing class seems somewhat incongruous at a time when

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the old-fashioned Tory method of sitting on the safety valve is particularly dangerous.

If England ever needed liberal leadership she needs it now. Will the Labor Party force the Conservatives to become Liberals in self-defense? Will Lloyd George convince the people that they must choose between the Conservative Party and the Empire? Is there any other leader in England that can command a following that Lloyd George can? Britain, as it has been remarked, is sound financially but rotten economically. To restore economic health to a country cursed with unemployment as England is will require something more than a die-hard conservative or a politician with a captivating personality.

Whatever the cause of the overturn in Britain, the effect on Britain's foreign policies has already begun to be seen. Lloyd George's instability has irritated and disconcerted the statesmen of other countries, but especially those of France. In particular, the unreliability of his course in applying the terms of the Peace Treaty with Germany has been one of the important factors in the European situation. Sir Edward Carson has been quoted by the Oxford students who have recently visited America to debate with American students as describing the peace established by the Treaty of Versailles as "the peace which passeth all understanding." Certainly as applied by Lloyd George no one could be expected to understand it. Perhaps it is because he modified its terms by his own interpretation that he was the longest to last of the "Big Four" who negotiated it. Perhaps he had to seem uncertain to his foreign neighbors in order to keep his power at home. Perhaps the friction that has accompanied his negotiations ever since the Peace Treaty was signed was the inevitable product of England's economic turmoil and political instability. Nevertheless it is impossible to relieve Mr. Lloyd George of the responsibility for much that has happened in the fostering of misunderstanding over the enforcement of the German reparations, as well as the negotiations concerning the Near East. It is impossible for the foreign observer to ignore the fact that in Europe, except with Germany and her allies, Lloyd George's retirement has been greeted mainly with expressions of relief.

Nothing that has occurred in connection with the change in the British Government indicates, as far as we can see, any reason for a change in the attitude of America toward Europe. We have every reason for continuing to give our aid to those who are helpless, though those very helpless ones may have neighbors whose obligation to them is more direct than ours. We have every reason to look with sympathy upon every effort towards liberty and true self-government, even when we have no means of giving material aid. But for intervention or for interference in the general political or economic situation there seems to us to be no present necessity. The time may come when a more active policy than we are now pursuing may be effective; but if it is to be effective then, we must be careful not to do what would be ineffective now.

ALASKA THE MISUNDERSTOOD

Do you know that Alaska is the most misunderstood territory on earth to-day? The popular notion that Alaska is composed entirely of blizzards, icebergs, and Eskimos is a mistake. Nearly one thousand miles north of where Alaska begins there are enormous wheat-fields, vegetable gardens, and scorching summer days when the mercury climbs to 90°. An Eskimo on the streets of Fairbanks would be a seven-day wonder. If you think that Alaska is still the land of the "rough-neck," it will interest you to know that a dinner-jacket is as useful in Alaska as in New York, and that modish fashions in dress reach Alaska almost as soon as they reach Boston and Philadelphia.

Sherman Rogers has just returned from Alaska, and in a series of articles soon to appear in The Outlook he punctures hundreds of our illusions about the Land of the Midnight Sun. He describes in full exactly what Alaska is and what Alaska needs. He describes its neglect by Congress, and outlines the remedy.

Mr. Rogers's report on Alaska is likely to excite much controversy. It is the story of billions of dollars' worth of potential wealth and opportunities of social and political development which at present lie fettered beneath crushing masses of administrative red tape.

THE THIRD DEGREE

If published reports are to be credited, legal officials and detectives in the New Brunswick murder case have furnished another example of the futility as well as the un-American cruelty of "third degree" methods. One person thus treated, not under arrest, already questioned repeatedly, was called out of his back door early in the evening by mysterious men, taken to a room where lawyers and detectives were waiting, and subjected to a rapid fire of interrogation that lasted for many hours and well into the early morning. He had no counsel, no friend to guard his interests. Under these circumstances the "grilling" was peculiarly an outrage. The result was apparently negligible. Another man, whom events proved to be untrustworthy, was supposed to know something he had not told. He was bullied and cross-questioned and threatened until he broke down nervously and accused of the murder a friend of his who, events showed, was innocent and who was discharged soon after his arrest. In this instance the result was a good deal worse than nothing.

There is such a thing as moral and mental as well as physical torture. It is repugnant to Anglo-Saxon ideas of personal liberty. There should be wide latitude offered to keen-witted investigation of crime, but the examination of accused or suspected persons should be conducted by a judicial officer under such circumstances that coercion and physical breaking down of the questioned person should be prevented. Scientists and lawyers agree that coerced confessions or testimony are frequently false; when admitted as evidence at all, they are regarded as the poorest kind of evidence.

Pride in the fine traditions of Anglo-Saxon law and judicial procedure should not lead us to ignore the merit in some other traditions. In respect to the examination of suspected persons or of reluctant witnesses, the French follow a method much superior to the "third degree" both in its efficiency and in its justice. Such examination is conducted openly by the judge who exercises great liberty in his questions but is restrained from excess not only by tradition and by the dignity of his office but by the very publicity of the procedure.

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ON THE EVE OF ELECTION DAY

I—THE REVOLT AGAINST THE YANKEE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WISCONSIN BY JOHN BALLARD

EVERY political ostrich in the country has his head in the sand, the while squeaking plaintively that the radical success in Wisconsin does not mean anything serious. It all depends on what one considers serious. The fact has to be faced that in the Wisconsin primary election of September 5 Socialism gained the greatest victory that it has ever won in American politics. That Robert M. La Follette received not merely a majority, but a smashing, an overwhelming majority, was due to the Milwaukee Socialist organization, incomparably the best disciplined and most efficient political machine in the United States.

It is, moreover, entirely possible that Congress will again be confronted with the necessity of deciding what to do with Victor Berger.

Last spring Berger went to the National Convention of his party and persuaded the delegates so to change the rules as to permit the Wisconsin branch to make no nomination for Senator, and thus leave the members free to vote for La Follette. Perhaps it was in his mind to show the country that the bulk of the La Follette followers were now willing to share the name as well as the principles of Socialism. The outcome has justified his opinion. The La Follette faction met the avowed Socialists more than half-way. If the November decision affirms the September verdict, the full strength developed by La Follette may be counted as Socialist strength.

The real, the true reason why Socialism has made such political gains in Wisconsin since 1917 is because the European War consolidated the spirit of revolt against the Yankee tradition. The same thing is true of the whole group of Mid-Western granger States that have been populated by Continental peasants. Probably there are not more people in Wisconsin than in some other States who feel that the United States is not a country, but there are more who openly say so and who will vote for a man whose words and acts mean substantially the same thing. The two groups that dominate an immense area and population—the German and the Scandinavian—have been brought into almost complete accord by the events of the war. Scandinavian Minnesota was as balky in war time as German Wisconsin. Half a dozen States need only the same quality of leadership that Wisconsin has to become articulate in the same way. The depeasantized peasants, as H. G. Wells calls them, have in their common hatred of Yankeedom a stronger bond of unity than ever existed before.

In Wisconsin, and particularly in Milwaukee, an absurd state of affairs has resulted from the attempt to ignore the facts. There is no wholesome ventilation of the political premises and no exchange of views on the subject that is uppermost in everybody's mind but which nobody talks about. Nobody, that is to say, except Victor Berger, for the Socialist leader is almost alone in speaking plainly. It is perfectly well known that the so-called conservative German-language papers really wanted La Follette to win in the primary and want Berger to win in November; that business men who were publicly enrolled as contributors to anti-radical funds have privately given both their money and their votes to help the Socialists win; but that it is not considered polite to mention these facts.

Berger, always more open than La Follette or the German editors who support La Follette, occasionally speaks his mind. Two weeks before the primary election, in a remarkably shrewd analysis and forecast, he gave his reasons for expecting a Socialist victory, and of three causes contributing to the situation, political and economic and ethnic, he gave most consideration to the ethnic. Here is a part of the statement, published in his "Findings" on August 22:

> Ethnical. The United States are not an ethnical unit. Our population is of mixed European descent.
>
> Naturally, the inherited characteristics and instincts play a strong part in our lives, and even for that reason alone the American participation in the World War was a crime and a blunder. Our mission naturally should have been one of peace.
>
> Wisconsin is overwhelmingly German and Scandinavian.
>
> For some reason La Follette always has had a strong hold on the Scandinavian farmers—which surely was not lessened by the position he took against the war, because the Scandinavians, by a large majority, were not in favor of the war.
>
> And undoubtedly La Follette has gained the sympathies of ninety-nine per cent of all the voters of German descent, who by instinct as much as by political and economic insight were opposed to our entrance into the World War.
>
> Add to this that the Irish element during the war and since the war has also come to appreciate Robert M. La Follette as he had never been appreciated before. It will be a sorry Irishman, indeed, who would vote for the Rev. "Big Bill" Ganfield in preference to voting for Robert M. La Follette.
>
> The reactionaries in their stupidity have made the war the issue in this election. They have boldly proclaimed that the nomination and election of Robert M. La Follette is to be considered a referendum on the war question.
>
> They will get their "referendum."

Now, although the German Socialists may manifest a tender interest in the Irish before election, in their secret hearts they fear the Irish politician. To this day they do not know just how it came about that Dan Hoan, of true Hibernian breed, became the Socialist Mayor of this Teutonic town. Berger likes to avail himself of Irish political skill, but it is part of the Socialist programme to make an end of Irish and Anglo-American leadership. With scandalous disregard of this ambition, sundry Irishmen went out on September 5 and cleaned up the best county nominations in sight. Inasmuch as the Irish in Milwaukee are relatively about as numerous as Scotchmen in Hester Street, a sporting population would have been moved to admiration. Not so a community whose motto, under the direct primary, has become, "Everybody welch." The day after the primary, defeated candidates agitated the air with cries of rage and demands for an independent ticket. Berger was moved to sympathy for the defeated Republican candidates and said in his disgust:

> Shaughnessy, McManus, Cary, Phelps—here is a real, smashing defeat of the "Huns" in Milwaukee County—in spite of Bob La Follette's Hunnish triumph. Let Bob make progressive laws; they, the genuine paytriots, will "stand pat" on the pay check.

There were eight candidates for district attorney; Koenig, Bartelt, Graebner, Groelle, Juergens, *et al.*, and Shaughnessy beat the lot. Pat McManus beat "Heinie" Bulder for county treasurer, in spite of the fact that "Heinie" holds the office now and had, besides, presented the Milwaukee zoo with an elephant. This defeat exasperated the supporters of both the Kaiser and the zoo and caused Berger to remind his readers that the elephant is the source of commercial ivory. However, Berger is too subtle for his constituency.

Some Wisconsin editors have sent out word that the vote for La Follette should not be regarded as an indorsement of his war record—which is of course the Socialist war record also. The statement is absurd. In the primary campaign no issue was more fairly and squarely before the people than that very question.

However unpalatable the fact may be, a record of service in the war of 1917–18 is a liability and not an asset for a candidate in Wisconsin.

Almost every ex-service man who tried for a nomination in the primary was *spurlos versunkt*. Paulsen, with the record of a first-class fighting man, tried for Secretary of State, and in a more direct way than anybody else challenged

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public opinion on the subject of La Follette's war record. He told in his campaign speeches of having rounded up German prisoners in France who informed him that Bob La Follette's protests against the war were circulated behind the German battle-lines. The German districts of Wisconsin with one accord buried Paulsen under an avalanche of votes, and his opponent, Zimmermann, was nominated by a huge majority.

One soldier, by reason of his personal popularity, did succeed in winning the nomination for sheriff of Milwaukee County. That was Colonel Westfahl, commander of an artillery regiment of the Thirty-second Division. He lives in Victor Berger's Congressional district. Berger is much annoyed by the soldier's success, and is already at work trying to turn the Colonel's military record to account against him. He invites workingmen to contemplate "that German drill master of Whitefish Bay" and sneers at Westfahl as "the victor of Veuve Cliquot and Château Lafitte." Colonel Westfahl has before him in November a battle of more doubtful issue than any he fought in France.

Mr. Puelicher, elected in October President of the American Bankers' Association, is one of the best-tempered but also one of the most persistent antagonists of revolutionary radicalism in Milwaukee. Yet analysis of the primary returns shows that the Socialists obtained upwards of 2,000 votes in the neighborhood that constitutes Milwaukee's "gold coast." Business and professional people rolled up Berger's big vote, cast as a defiance to Congress two years ago, and they will vote for him again this year. In that connection Berger reminded his constituents a little while ago that his case in the Federal court is not yet finally disposed of and that he is still under heavy bail.

The Socialists had the labor vote before the European War. The impressive gains made since the war represent mainly the spread of radicalism among people who are not factory workers. It is, to be sure, a radicalism that pictures Socialism as an anti-Yankee rather than anti-capitalist movement, but it swallows a moderate programme of collectivism along with the rest. At no other time during the campaign was La Follette greeted with quite such stormy applause as when he declared, for the first time, for the public ownership of railways.

What is said here is as true of the State as a whole as of Milwaukee. There is nothing to be gained by blinking at the facts, and the facts are that the people of Wisconsin indorsed La Follette's war record, approved his tacit alliance with the Socialist Tammany of Milwaukee, and, in the circumstances, virtually approved Victor Berger's record by the same unprecedented vote. There was in truth only one contest, and that was between Republicans and Socialists. The Socialists won and have captured the Republican organization as completely as the Non-Partisan League did in North Dakota. How completely the Democratic party has been extinguished in Wisconsin is revealed by the returns. In two counties, Sauk and Shawano, the Democrats polled less than 100 votes—74 in Sauk and 19 in Shawano. In Washington, a strongly German county, they got 221 votes; in Outagamie, another German stronghold and formerly the home of many Democrats, 163; in Kenosha, a factory district, 672. The Democratic vote was small enough in 1920—the total for Governor then was 22,435—but in 1922 it has approached the vanishing point.

After the November election it will be disclosed in what manner the Socialists propose to utilize the new alignment in making their Milwaukee machine the nucleus of a strengthened National radical movement. Berger now stands accredited as the most successful political manipulator that Socialism has produced in America. If the new third party appears, it remains to be seen how a man of Berger's intense, passionate, and dominating personality will get along with La Follette, who is himself not without similar qualities and who as a political boss is celebrated for not permitting anybody else to decide what issues shall be discussed or how his organization shall be run.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

II—POLITICAL TOPSY-TURVYDOM IN OKLAHOMA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM AN OKLAHOMAN OBSERVER[1]

OKLAHOMA is always interesting. The State got born that way when, almost twenty years ago, it adopted its 30,000-word Constitution. The Convention which framed that remarkable document, with characteristic modesty, assured itself that it was more capable of enlightened lawmaking than any Legislature which the new State was likely to elect within a decade or two, and proceeded ceremoniously to incorporate in the Constitution practically all of the legislation which it conceived a forward-looking commonwealth would need for that period. It was liberal in the quantity thus produced, as attested by the record-breaking length of the instrument, and not less so in the substance, according to the best school of Bryanism which was then ascendant in the councils of the dominant Democratic party.

It is noteworthy that, whereas the present Constitution is the longest recorded, the next one bids fair to be among the shortest, for, so far as sentiment is now formed and vocal, the experiment of embodying complete legislation in a constitution has either been acknowledged a failure or, conceded to have been advisable if not necessary under the circumstances a couple of decades ago, the conditions no longer prompt such restrictions upon natural political development. This is the attitude of several of those still living in the State who as members of the first Constitutional Convention helped to frame the document now in force. These pioneers not only incorporated extensive legislation in the Constitution, but they made amendment so nearly impossible that only two changes which affect the substance of the document are said to have succeeded when submitted to the electorate. The issue of a new Constitution must soon be forward, since the twenty-year period, within which the question of calling a Constitutional Convention must be submitted to the people, will soon be up.

But the political situation in the present campaign is one of the most startling on the map. Nowhere is the shattering of old and rigid partisan alignments more complete. The Democratic party has dominated every election in the history of the State. That two years ago is nearest an exception, when a Republican Senator was sent to Washington and a Republican majority was returned to the lower house of the Legislature. But the Democratic Governor and his administration still held the control of affairs. Now the Democratic party machinery has been captured by the farmer-labor group. Their leaders do not scruple to declare that they are the North Dakota Non-Partisan League under a different name. Just as the League captured the Republican party machinery in North Dakota, so they have taken over the Democratic machinery in Oklahoma.

They have done thorough work. Their candidate, formally nominated at their antecedent Convention, was tacitly accepted by the Democratic Convention, and the primaries triumphantly confirmed the choice. In this candidate's campaign the farmer-labor platform is being so openly woven into the conservative Democratic platform that lifelong and hereditary Democrats are alarmed to the point of the desertion of their party standards in multitudes. One prominent citizen remarks that his old dad warned him in his youth that if he ever voted for a Republican his dog would bite him when he returned home from the polls; he feels himself forced to put the old gentleman's prophecy to the test this year, for he joins the deserting multitude and will vote for the Republican candidate.

But the Democratic candidate chal-

[1] The writer of this correspondence holds a position in the State which gives him a point of vantage for political observation which the ordinary citizen does not have and which at the same time precludes the publication of his name.—The Editors.

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lenges his supporters to win over two farmers or laboring men formerly affiliated with the Republicans to replace each one of these deserters. His success is amazing in that all over the State it is conceded that he will command the Negro vote. Mark that among your freaks of a freakish year: a Democratic candidate, in a State constantly boasting of its Southern political maternity, appealing openly to Negro voters with resounding promises of service to them as a political group, and manifestly winning their allegiance! Contrariwise, the Republican candidate almost as openly poses as a Lily-White, the candidate of the Lily-Whites, and the champion of "white supremacy."

In an Oklahoma accommodation train the other day a citizen of unmistakable Southern antecedents was overheard to remark, "Whatever else comes out of this election, it means that the South is henceforth independent in politics." His neighbor across the aisle responded in as unmistakable a Southern accent with a devout "Thank God for that!"

The Democratic candidate, repudiated openly and bitterly by many heretofore incorrigible Democrats, storms the State as a Democrat and in command of the Democratic partisan machinery. The Republican candidate soft-pedals his party doctrines everywhere, mumbles or declines to attempt pronouncing his party shibboleths, and has adopted as his campaign slogan, "Vote for the man." The banners over their respective campaign headquarters in the capital city announce the one as the regular Democratic nominee, and studiously omit any reference to the party affiliation of the other. The Republican says nothing or tacitly repudiates the Federal Republican Administration, while the Democrat holds up to bitter scorn the administration of the State, which has been continuously Democratic since the State came into being.

Oklahoma may not be pointing out a clear course to new party organization, but she is running true to type and her history in smashing precedents and traditions. The names are all that have been preserved of the old party organizations and principles in the present political campaign.

III—SOMETHING BREWING IN THE MIDDLE WEST

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
PROFESSOR IN LAW AND POLITICAL SCIENCE AT HAMILTON COLLEGE

This is the last of a series of letters by Senator Davenport upon the political and economic situation in the Central States of America.—The Editors.

THE present Middle Western agitation is observable also in the States of Nebraska, Minnesota, North Dakota, and Wisconsin. Nebraska, like the battered and splattered political pioneer that she is, is normally viewed with arched eyebrows by the East. But she has a great body of husky American citizens in her midst nevertheless. In her rather violent struggles in the last generation for a better commonwealth and a better country she has practically lost all sense of party. Political machines mean nothing in her experienced young life. Republican and Democratic labels are essentially worthless as vote-getters. Issues, discontents, drys, wets, conservatives, liberals—you hear about these, but not about Republican or Democratic platforms or standard bearers.

The contest this year in Nebraska wages about the Governorship and the United States Senatorship. And unless all signs fail, she will pick Bryan for Governor and Howell for United States Senator. Bryan has the Democratic label, Howell the Republican. Bryan is a brother of the better known W. J. B., but he has a record of his own. He was long a City Commissioner of Lincoln, then Mayor, and is now City Commissioner again. He is committed to a municipal ownership and operation programme for cities, where necessary, just as Howell is. He is dry, as Howell is. He is backed by the more radical progressive faction and by the Non-Partisan Leaguers, just as Howell is. Randall, the Republican candidate for Governor, who is running against Bryan, is in natural surroundings and tendencies what they call in Nebraska a conservative. He is President of the State Bankers' Association, a man of high character, known in kindly fashion as Uncle Charlie because he is always extending a friendly hand to somebody; prominent in the Methodist Church, which is the leading denomination in Nebraska, having sixty-five thousand members in the State and four or five hundred preachers. The Methodists were the boosters for his candidacy, and politically they usually don't go far wrong, at least on the character or the humanness of a public man. But Randall is a member of the State Senate, and has recently voted, in a brief period of conservative reaction which followed the war, for a drastic anti-picketing law; for a bill to take the party organization out of the direct primary regulations, leaving only the candidates for public office to be nominated there; for a banking statute which gives the State Banking Board power to refuse a charter wherever they like. These measures are up on referendum in the present campaign and seem not to be so popular as they looked when they passed the Legislature. So far as there is any odium attached to them, it falls on Randall particularly as a candidate for Governor. Bryan is against them all.

Howell, the Republican candidate for United States Senator, is pitted against the sitting Senator, Hitchcock, who has been much before the country as a stanch supporter of the Wilson programme of the League of Nations, and who is an able and aggressive public man. Probably a majority of the nominal Republicans, and particularly a majority of the women, of Nebraska favored the League of Nations and were well pleased with the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments. But Hitchcock has neutralized with these women of Nebraska his stand on the League by his vigorous opposition to woman suffrage, and especially his stand against prohibition. For years the men and women of the German stock, who are strong in numbers and influence in Nebraska, followed Hitchcock with devotion. When he voted for an embargo on the shipment of munitions to the Allies, the Germans in Nebraska roared approval. But he lost them by his later stand for the Wilson League and his vote against a separate peace with Germany. What the Germans will do as a body this year, whether they will remember their former devotion to Hitchcock and support him, after all, in considerable numbers, is problematical. There is no doubt that the feelings of the Germans in the State for him have amounted to personal affection. Hitchcock was once a Heidelberg student, and he has spoken sometimes to his audiences in the German tongue.

Nebraska is dry, is no longer interested in the League of Nations, shares the economic unrest of the middle country, and seems to be headed away from Hitchcock towards Howell. Howell has had an able and progressive life record. He has for years been the Republican National Committeeman of his State, a position fairly won by espousing Roosevelt Republicanism consistently and openly from the beginning. He has been in a long twenty years' fight in Nebraska to break the grip of extortionate private monopoly upon municipal utilities. He lives in Omaha, and he is now the general manager of the municipal water plant, the municipal ice plant, and the municipal gas plant—industries which he has managed with astonishing success.

Howell's point of view, as distinguished from the old order of private

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profiteering in Omaha, is indicated by a conversation a little while ago between him and a prominent banker of the State. Howell was telling the banker about the success of his ice plant. He spoke of the original investment of $240,000 and of how in the first year he had made some money. "But, do you know," said he, earnestly, "this year we are selling ice for thirty-three cents a hundred pounds at jitney stations all over the city, where people have come for the ice with baby buggies and little wagons and have taken it to their homes, while the price at Sioux City has been a dollar a hundred delivered; and, in spite of this low price, we have laid up," said Howell, "a surplus of $80,000." And the banker looked at him and said: "Howell, isn't it too bad you couldn't have done that for yourself?" Howell represents the unselfish idealism of Nebraska. The group who are against him are particularly those who, like the banker above, have not the imagination to understand a man who glories in serving his city or his State.

Howell is against the cancellation of Europe's debt; he favors the bonus because in the war he failed to draft labor and the profiteers to a genuine public service, but sternly compelled the soldiers to take their lives in their hands on the battlefields of France. This seems to be throughout the West a strong emotional argument for the bonus. When the subject of taxes to pay the bonus is broached, however, the emotional discussion wanes. It is at bottom an uncertain issue in the Middle Western breast, unless that section of American capital which profited most by the war bears the burden of the bonus. Howell also is a foe of the Esch-Cummins Law. He, too, like Brookhart of Iowa, would squeeze out seven billions of water, restore real competition between the railways, establish regional tribunals, and abolish the dictatorship of railway capitalists. He defends public ownership only as a last resort to prevent the continued plundering of the people; and if it becomes necessary in the case of the railways to go to public ownership, he would take over one great National system, not all the roads, and force the reign of justice by the competitive use of this single great line. He is opposed to the ship subsidy and promises to support the farm bloc. He seems to fit into the temper of the time in Nebraska, as Beveridge does in Indiana and Brookhart in Iowa.

The Non-Partisan League, with its programme of State Socialism, still troubles the political waters of the Middle Northwest. Townley, the quondam leader, who went to jail for his attitude towards the war, is out and managing again, I am informed, the Non-Partisan farmers' organization of North Dakota. His hand is not so apparent as it was in the political movements of the time in the Northwest, but his cause is still to be reckoned with in Minnesota, North Dakota, and other near-by States. Frazier, of North Dakota, who was recalled only last year as Governor, appears this year as the victorious Republican candidate for United States Senator, and is likely to join the other Middle Western apostles of a more radical day in the Senatorial circle of fame at Washington.

I speak always of the candidates for the United States Senatorship in these States, because the National battle centers around them. In Minnesota the Republican candidate is the sitting Senator Kellogg, trust-buster in the Roosevelt days, but staid and regular now, able and useful, though lacking elements of warm political popularity. The Democratic candidate is Mrs. Peter Oleson, who has been vigorously active in word and deed in the political organization and inspiration of women all over the State. She is said to be one of the very fastest talkers in captivity, only matched or exceeded, so Minnesotans say, by George E. Vincent, now President of the Rockefeller Foundation, who was formerly at the head of the State University at Minneapolis. She is against the "millionaire bloc" in Congress, against the Esch-Cummins Bill, against a sales tax, against any subsidizing of great corporate interests, in favor of a bonus paid out of excess profits. She has a name which goes far in the Swedish population of Minnesota, and she is proving dangerously attractive to Republican women.

The Farmer-Labor Non-Partisan League Senatorial candidate in Minnesota is Doctor Henrik Shipstead, a country dentist, a philosophizing Norwegian, a student of economic radicalism and of Norwegian literature, a political radical of the type of La Follette and Brookhart, and an indefatigable worker for his party and his cause. The fight for the Senatorship rages about him. It seems to be the opinion of intelligent observers in Minnesota that Mrs. Oleson will come off third, perhaps drawing sufficient Republican women from Kellogg to let Shipstead into the Senate. If this happens, the Senate will gasp. It will be the last straw. The argument against its probability is that the usual may happen and the conservative citizens of the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, without regard to party, may move in a body over to Kellogg on election day. Thus the Non-Partisan League peril, which above all things they fear, will once more be avoided.

The commercial conservatives of the Twin Cities have long had no other antidote for what they naturally regard as the menacing Socialism of the radical Leaguers, except a startled joining of forces in a crisis, without regard to party, or a hysterical digging into their pocketbooks for great campaign funds against catastrophe. They are only slowly learning that they must meet by rational remedies the undoubted ills under which the farmers of the great wheat States suffer.

The radical leaders of the farmers demand that the remedies be State elevators, State warehouses, and State banks. Only slowly, in Minnesota, is the bulwark of co-operative enterprise being employed to meet the advancing pressure of State Socialism. But the co-operative spirit is growing. The present Governor Preus was elected on that issue. He convinced the farmers that they should control their own remedial institutions, and not put them into the hands of Socialist politicians of the State Government. Both in Minnesota and in Nebraska the propagandism of the Non-Partisan League is being successfully met by the advance of private co-operation. Forty thousand members in Nebraska are in the Farmers' Co-operative Union, owning and operating a long line of elevators. And the number in Minnesota is growing.

La Follette in Wisconsin is coming to the peak of his power. He has finally merged in an overwhelming personal constituency the anti-corporation agrarians, the wets, the Germans, the pro-bonus soldiers, the Socialists and the industrial workers of all shades. Here is another State where anybody is welcome to the rest of the electorate. Wisconsin is Wisconsin and La Follette has on his side the great bulk of the kind of voters who dwell in it. If he keeps his health and vigor, he would seem to be psychologically in preparation as never before for the leadership of the radical elements in the Republican party and in the country. So conservative a progressive as Beveridge recently paid La Follette high public compliment for his astonishing ability and determined integrity. In fact the whole Middle West, whether friendly or hostile to his ideas, rates his integrity high. It was with La Follette as with those other leaders who came through in their separate States; the people were in each instance groping for the men whom they regarded as of unselfish and uncompromising integrity. The voters seemed to be saying to themselves: "We are uncertain about policies, we don't know what we want; but we would choose these men whom we trust, and put the problems up to them."

And that is about as far as the Middle West has yet gone in its new onward surge of progress. It is on the warpath. It doesn't know where it's going, but it's on the way. Its movement is yet purposeless and lacks unity of method or motive. If unusual material prosperity intervenes, the temperature of its political blood-heat may be lowered by 1924. But the Middle West is already the matrix of a new National insurrection, if economic difficulty continues and the right sort of leadership arouses conscious purpose.

In any event, prospective candidates for the Presidency in 1924 would do well, I think, to bear in mind that bourbon and reactionary traits are no more beloved in the West than they were a decade ago, that a nominee for the Presidency without progressive horizon is

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foredoomed to repudiation in that section of the country. The die-hards of commerce and politics should take notice.

It is a long distance from Broadway out here where the cart-wheel silver dollars begin to weigh down your pocketbook and the big soft hat shades the husky form of the out-of-doors man. I went one Sunday morning to church, and as I was passing out I was courteously approached by an elderly member who recognized me as a stranger and inquired for the place of my residence. When I replied, "New York," his face lighted up and he said: "I was in New York once, and I went to hear a man preach there. Let me see, what was his name?—Oh, yes, Beecher, Beecher. You know, he cut quite a figger in his day." It's a long distance from Broadway, and it has its faults of unreason, but a sturdy National heart beats here, and its conscience, though socially and theologically conventional, is sensitive to economic and political injustice. Out here you catch the sound of the reveille and the early intimations of the onward march while yet the East sleeps stolidly in its tents.

THE POWER OF THE PRESIDENT TO PROTECT AMERICAN CITIZENS IN TURKEY AND THEIR WORK

BY EVERETT P. WHEELER

THE President of the United States has naturally been careful to avoid any military action to check the advance of the victorious Turkish armies in Asia Minor. But the destruction of Smyrna and of the property of American citizens there and the breaking up of the work of American citizens in Asia Minor compel careful consideration of our duty at the present time.

Article II of the Constitution of the United States defines the duty of the President and expresses his powers. The executive power is vested in him. At his inauguration he solemnly swears faithfully to execute the office of President of the United States and "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution." Under this Constitution he has power by and with the consent of the Senate to make treaties.

Section 3 of this article declares: "He shall take care that the laws are faithfully executed."

Article VI provides that all treaties made "under the authority of the United States shall be the supreme law of the land."

In pursuance of the power thus vested in the President and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a treaty was made between the United States and the Ottoman Empire in 1830. That treaty guarantees to American citizens in Turkey that "they shall not in any way be vexed or molested." "They shall not be disturbed in their affairs." It also provides that "even when they have committed some offense they shall not be arrested or put in prison by the local authorities, but they shall be tried by their Minister or Consul and punished according to their offense, following in this respect the usage observed toward other Franks." A treaty between the United States and the Turkish Government ratified in 1862 confirms these provisions. Under their protection and with the full consent of the Turkish Government, American citizens have gone to Turkey, established colleges, schools, and hospitals there, and have done a most benevolent work among the native Christians.

By Turkish law a Mussulman who leaves his Mohammedan faith and adopts another is punishable with death. The work of Americans for the Turks has been, for this reason, very limited; still they have had the benefit of American medical and surgical skill.

During the last year these provisions of the treaties have been shamefully violated by the Angora Government. American citizens have been arrested, taken from their homes for no crime whatever, they have not been tried before their Consul, and the work in which they were engaged among the native Christians has been broken up. More than a million of these native Christians have been killed or deported by the Angora Government. This is just as much, to use the words of the treaty, a "disturbance" in the affairs of the Americans and a "vexing and molesting" of them as it would be to kill all the persons employed in a factory or for whose supply the factory was working. As long ago as 1855 the Attorney-General of the United States rendered an opinion that our citizens who had gone to Turkey under the protection of this treaty and established schools and colleges and hospitals are as much entitled to this benefit as if they were merchants; that the treaty applied to all lawful business, whether benevolent or mercantile. This has been the practical construction of it from the beginning.

There is no question of making war upon Turkey or doing any act which requires further legislation. The treaties already made and ratified by the Senate are the supreme law of the land. It is the duty of the President to execute them and to obtain, not only indemnity for the past, but security for the future. His executive power extends to the Army and Navy, of which he is Commander-in-Chief, and it is his duty to use the full power of the United States Government to protect, for the future, American citizens in that part of Thrace of which possession is shortly to be delivered to the Turkish Government.

All our experience with the Turks (and the same is true of the experience of other nations) shows that their promises are not to be relied upon. Whatever they may say now to obtain admission to Thrace, they will undoubtedly commit the same crimes there that they did in Asia Minor, unless this Government makes such a show of force that the Turks will see that the whole power of this Government will be exerted for the protection of our colleges and other American institutions in Turkey and for the security of the many Americans who are living in Constantinople and doing business there.

In dealing with the Turks it must be remembered that it is part of their religion to make war upon unbelievers and to kill them unless they become Mohammedans, and that a promise made by a Turk to an unbeliever is not binding. Men are sometimes worse than their religion. They are seldom better. Individual Turks are courteous and plausible, but when it comes to united action, when they have had the power, they have lived up to the precepts of the Koran. We can expect nothing better in the future unless we satisfy them that we are both able and willing to protect our own citizens and the work in which, with the full consent of the Turkish Government, they have engaged. This is not war; it is police protection. Our Government has protected its citizens in this way a hundred times in the past without declaring war. In fact, such bold and manly actions prevent war; just as a well-organized police force is generally effective to prevent a mob or to disperse it if it should assemble.

The President, as has been shown, has full power to send a brigade to Constantinople for the protection of our citizens there and their work. The Allies would welcome this co-operation. The American flag and the power behind it would be as effective as it was when it waved over Corinna Shattuck at Oorfa, and saved a thousand innocent lives.

We may well recall the words of Grover Cleveland in his Venezuela message:

> There is no calamity which a great nation can invite which equals that which can follow a supine submission to wrong and injustice and the consequent loss of national self-respect and honor beneath which are shielded a people's safety and greatness.

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THE CRESCENT RISES

WILL THE TURK PENETRATE ITALIAN TRIPOLI?

BY KINGSLEY MOSES

THE sirocco of Turkish victory that sweeps over Asia Minor is likely to prove far more devastating than we innocent outsiders suspect.

For a year or more in intimate touch with Mohammedanism, for four months of that time utterly isolated from any English-speaking civilization in the desert of Libya, the writer confesses a fellow-feeling for the Moslem, a personal partiality toward the individual Arab. Such sentiment, however, should not be confused with intellectual approval.

Dr. Lothrop Stoddard in his thoughtful if rather feverish volume "The Rising Tide of Color" presents all the arguments that would warn against a *Jehad* or Holy War. The imminence of such a struggle is to be discounted, if only on the grounds that the Mohammedan is far too wise and shrewd a politician to delude himself with any thoughts of immediate success. Fundamentally a fighting man, he realizes perfectly how slim would be his chance against the highly trained forces of even a single Christian nation.

It is certain, therefore, that he will not now attempt any aggressive movement that would definitely align against him the armies of England, France, or Italy; that he will not attempt to carry the war into distinctly European territory—barring that territory until lately known as Turkey in Europe.

That he will even attempt to win back his European *vilayets* is, at the moment, problematical. England's official attitude is a warning. The Turk may well be skeptical, however, as to just how much police strength lies back of England's threat; how strongly the British people would support such an enterprise just at this time. And the Turk's principal virtue in addition to personal courage is the virtue of patience. Secure in his present comfortable position, he can afford to sit tight and await diplomatic developments.

Purely speculative though the opinion be, it is the writer's conviction that the present Turkish triumph will not seriously affect the peace of either the French or the English Mohammedan countries. Algiers and Tunis are too close to Paris, too precious as colonies, to be pried loose from French sovereignty. Egypt and India have been too long under the stern control of the British military forces. Sporadic uprisings may occur; but any concerted effort by Islam would in Algiers, Tunis, Egypt, or India be pretty sure of instant suppression.

There remains the question of Tripoli—or, as the country is more definitely and accurately designated, Libya.

Libya, that stretch of Sahara desert lying between Tunis and Egypt along the Mediterranean Sea, is technically today under the dominion of Italy. But the grip of the Quirinal upon this enormous African waste is none too secure.

Taken by force of arms in 1911, Libya is still restive under Italian supervision. There has been no change whatever in the religion of the inhabitants, no swerv- from the strict tenets of orthodox Mohammedanism. Always the most difficult of converts, the Mohammedans of Libya particularly see no attractions in Roman Catholicism; and it is doubtful that a hundred of them have been brought into the Christian Church. Other influences too, among the most powerful the presence in Libya itself of the see of the Senussi, have worked to nullify the best efforts of Roman Catholic missionaries.

Lacking also the colonial experience of France and England, Italy has failed in any material degree to colonize Libya with Italians. Naturally gregarious, the Italian peasant prefers the long ocean journey to the United States, the Argentine, or Brazil, where already are hundreds of thousands of his fellow-countrymen, to a short two days' voyage over the placid blue sea to Tripoli or Bengasi. Opportunity also, in that sterile empty land of the desert, seems unalluring. So Libya remains—and appears likely to remain—Arab.

Along a shore-line of approximately eight hundred miles, Libya, including the provinces of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, extends from a point about due south of Milan to a point due south of Smyrna. That is a long journey. And when one considers that no railway—save two negligible little narrow-gauge lines of twenty miles length—serves the country, and that communication is had along the coast only by steamer and in the interior only by camel-back, one can readily understand the difficulties of keeping such a territory under control.

Southward for perhaps a thousand miles, over the unmapped desert, Italy nominally holds control. But here again there is sovereignty only in name; and recent press despatches report towns not forty miles from Tripoli City in the hands of the Bedouins.

The reason for this tenuous hold on Libya by the Italians is due more to the very nature of the country than to any laxity or inherent weakness in Italian government. To subdue and hold a desert country is one of the most difficult tasks conceivable even in this advanced day of military efficiency. Infantry advance, ever slow and clumsy, is just about impossible in Libya, where military forces must depend wholly for subsistence upon their own lines of communication. Ask any experienced soldier how long he can maintain adequate lines of communication without railways. Artillery movement through the heavy Saharan sand is out of the question, and may be summarily dismissed; while he who would fight the Bedouin of the desert with cavalry had better consider long and prudently, for the horsemen of the Arabs have been noted through the centuries for their ferocity and consummate skill.

More modern developments serve little. At Azizia, shortly after its surrender as Turkish headquarters in the spring of 1919, the writer personally witnessed the futility of airplane attack. The great rock, outcropping from the sands, where the Turks and Arabs had fought on for six months after the European armistice, stood practically untouched, though it had been constantly bombarded by Italian planes; and all about in the rolling sand dunes of the desert the lately hostile Bedouins camped comfortably, secure in their experience that an airplane bomb dropped into soft sand was about as deadly or dangerous as a pebble tossed into a millpond. The sand gushed up in great geysers of dust, but the shrapnel was smothered.

And there always remains in Tripoli the resentment of the natives against the method of seizure employed by Italy.

From the European point of view, the action of Italy in 1911 was perfectly natural. Certainly, with our vacillating colonial policy, it is no function of an American to criticise; we have enough peculiar problems of our own in the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba, and Haiti. Italy wanted a slice of Africa. A generation ago it had nosed into the African cupboard and brought out the driest and most unpalatable bone—Somaliland. Libya looked like fair game. France, to the west, had gobbled the rest of the Barbary States; Spain had a morsel in Morocco; England had most of the meat in Egypt and, with usual good judgment, had pre-empted the fertile and navigable valley of the Nile.

Southward in the Dark Continent practically all the desirable territory had been seized by either England or Germany. Besides, that country was a long, long way from Genoa or Naples—the leading Italian naval bases.

There remained Libya. So Italy took it.

It was a poor enough prize; but it was something. Italy hung on, tried hard to develop the land, to make it yield some slight return on the investment of money and blood.

But again luck interposed. Not three years had elapsed before the outbreak of the World War stirred up again the Mohammedan frenzy. Italy, even though not then an active participant in Europe, had to begin operation of a regular troop transport service to Tripoli. Reinforce-

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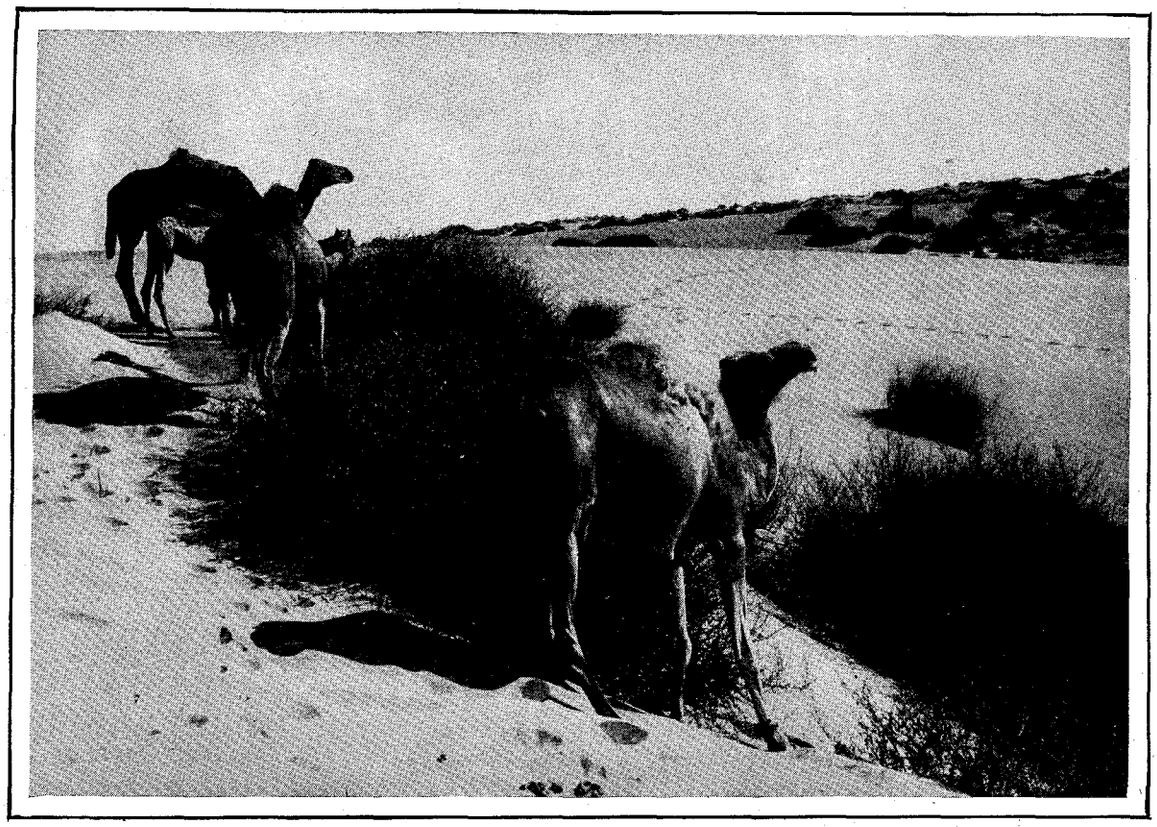
"THE SANDS OF
WHERE THE MOSLEM



CAMELS IN THE DESERT

ITALIAN NATIVE TROOPS IN SKIRMISH ORDER OUTSIDE BENGASI

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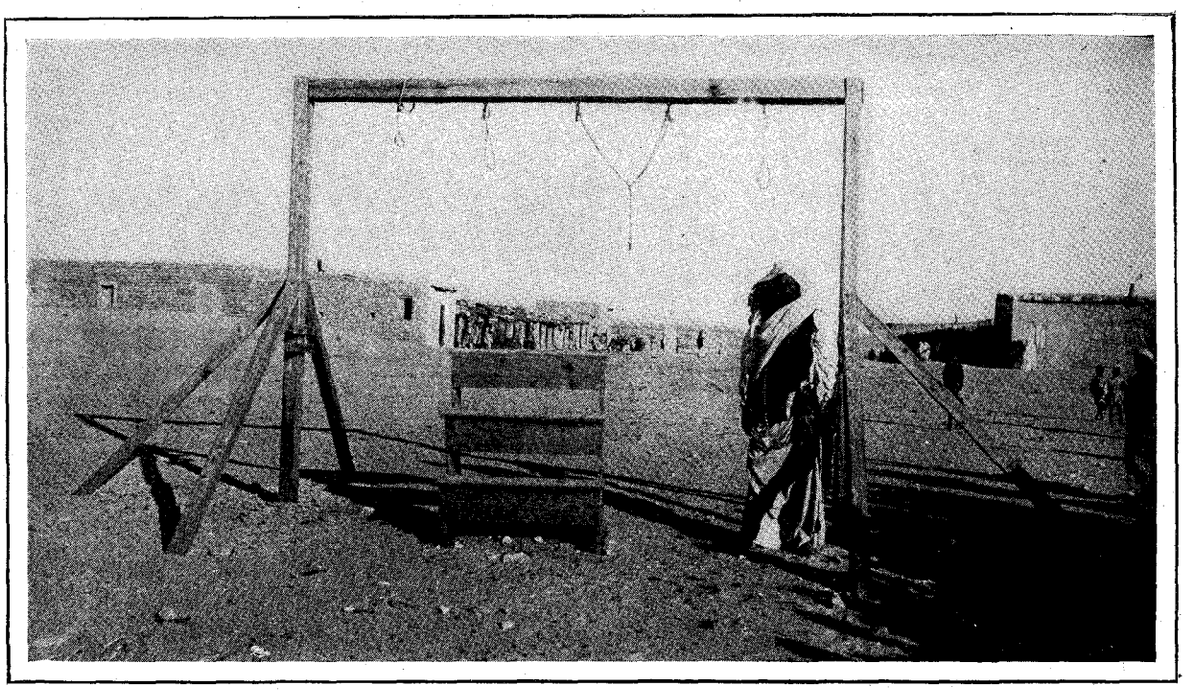
THE DESERT"
HOLDS ITALY AT BAY

ARAB CAVALRY ADVANCING THROUGH AN OASIS



THE GIBBET OF SIDI IDRIS AT THE OASIS OF DJEREBUB

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ments, and more reinforcements, were demanded. Finally there was open rebellion and bloodshed.

So, while the attention of the world was centered upon the battlefields of France and Belgium, while even Italy turned its eyes toward the Carso and Mount Grappa, an unnoticed but extremely ferocious little war was waged across the wastes of the Libyan Desert, and was being carried right up to the walls and outpost forts of the seaboard cities. Misurata, on the Mediterranean, fell; and Zavia, less than fifty kilometers from Tripoli City, was taken and occupied by the Arabs under the command of Fuad Pasha, nephew of the Turkish Sultan.

In May, 1919, as has been said, an armistice was patched up. That armistice exists on paper to-day. But what the true situation is remains dubious; for news reports from Libya, having their only possible origin in the Italian Censor's office, cannot be depended upon.

The difficulties, then, that menace the maintenance of Italian dominion in Libya are three:

First, the comparatively recent conquest of the country, a matter of only eleven years past. The writer spent some days with a famous sheik of the desert, one Mohammed Shulabi, who is reputed to have been himself the leader of a terrible attack on Italian *bersaglieri* from which scarcely a man escaped. What Mohammed Shulabi thinks now no one may say, for the Arab is not communicative to comparative strangers. But what other chief men of the race feel is very evident in the very manner in which they eye their Italian overlords and in their muttered curses of hatred as the Italian soldiers, always—and prudently—fully armed, pass down the *suk* of the city.

Second, the failure of the Italian Government adequately to colonize the country with loyal Italians. Where here in New York (an American city, despite all that some of its detractors may maintain) we have huge colonies of Italians living almost precisely as they would in Caserta or Reggio or Bari or Trapani—talking the same tongue, eating the same food, prey to the same superstitions, flaunting the same flag—in the towns of Libya, from Buchamesh on the west to Tobruch on the Egypt line, is heard no syllable of the soft Latin tongue. Here the Koran is in every tent and Dante is unknown; here fez replaces *borsalino* and the sandal takes the place of the boot. What few civilians, clustered about iron café tables, do speak the Latin tongue turn out to be, upon closer and disappointing investigation, mongrel Maltese from Valetta or Levantine Jews.

And, in the third place, there are the almost insuperable obstacles to a purely military control. In Algiers and Tunis, not to speak of Morocco, the Atlas Mountains supply great tracts of arable and fertile country, welling with water. In Egypt is the incalculably precious Nile, along which—in addition to its fertilizing properties—troops may be moved with speed and security for hundreds of miles. But, in Tripolitania, in the interior of Cyrenaica even, twenty miles from the littoral, are none of these tactical advantages. Forever and forever the sands of the desert stretch southward, hill upon hill. Across the glaring emptiness of this awful desolation, tortured by the unbelievable heat of the summer sun or frozen by the gale of winter blasts from the bitter Adriatic, any defending forces must move painfully in pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp enemy. In full possession of the vast herds of camels and of thousands of beautiful Arab horses, the Bedouins can strike, and run and strike again with miraculous speed.

And, untrammeled by any Hague conventions, the Arab knows war only in its most primitive aspects. To kill the enemy is his ideal. How? Well, that doesn't matter very much. The night attack is his favorite pastime; the slitting of hostile throats while his victim sleeps is a peculiarly pleasant sort of play; the maiming or horrible cicatrization of "Christian dogs" is all a part of the game.

It is that sort of thing that Italy has to face in Libya. And if the Turkish uprising in Asia Minor spreads its spirit unchecked, it is that sort of thing that is almost certain to happen.

The loss of Libya would seem a small thing as measured in the great balance of world affairs. To Italy, indeed, the bereavement might not be unbearable; for the arid land is unprofitable enough as it stands, and constitutes a constant and annoying drain upon the royal treasury.

But with the Turk actually triumphant in his own ancient provinces of Asia, daily threatening a return to lost lands of Thrace, a single victorious campaign in the territory of a strong Allied nation would lend him a confidence that might well prove enormously difficult to subdue.

A thousand years ago the Christian nations were at bay in their own lands. And while there is no danger of another such situation in our living generation, the advance of the champions of the Crescent is worth more than superficial attention.

The Turk, winning Syria, wins back a land long Moslem. The Turk, winning Tripoli—all Libya—wins back a land where Christian influence has for a little time at least been omnipotent.

And there is, it may be added, a sinister significance in the circumstance that those strangers from "the parts of Libya about Cyrene" (Acts ii.10)—who on the first Day of Pentecost spoke the Apostles' own language—should be now wholly converted to the tongue of the Prophet.

THE SECRET OF GERMAN FINANCE

BY P. W. WILSON

IN considering the finances of Europe, and the question whether and to what extent the United States should press for payment of the debts due to her, it is easy to understand the situation of France and Great Britain. These countries are hard hit by the war, but both of them are obviously solvent. Britain has balanced her budget, repaid more than one billion dollars of external and internal liabilities, reduced the amount of her paper money, and brought her exchange sterling within ten per cent of par gold; while France is declared by the Bankers' Trust, after an elaborate investigation, to be as wealthy as she was before the war (this being the reward of her thrift), and if her budget does not yet balance, the reason is that she has undertaken the restoration of her ruined provinces on a large scale; debiting the cost, not to taxation, but to German reparations, which are in a large measure withheld. The case of Italy, too, is plain. Her expenditure is greater than her revenue, and what she needs is a much smaller army, many fewer officials, and severe rectitude in her administration.

But when we come to Germany, we find that even experts differ. This is doubtless because some of them, like scientific witnesses, are swearing their testimony to a brief. They want Germany to pay her fines to France and they say, therefore, that she is well able to do so, or they want the United States to cancel her loans and therefore they say that Europe is perishing. I hold no brief for any policy. I have heard a dozen budgets introduced into the British House of Commons. There is not a budget so introduced by Mr. Lloyd George that I did not hear discussed in advance and during its passage. The judgment that I have brought to bear upon the German problem is the judgment which I would apply to the finances of my own country, a judgment based on cold arithmetic, which, after all, is one of those few sciences that, even in a mad world, cannot err.

The collapse of currency in Russia was of course deliberate. During the war it was actually promoted by Germany, where billions of forged rubles were distributed for the purpose along the Russian front. The Bolshevists may now wish to regain a monetary standard, but in the first flush of their Communist

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enthusiasm they hoped to use other tokens, representing only the various units of labor performed and eliminating wealth, thrift, investment, and the entire machinery of capitalism. In Austria currency has been wrecked, moreover, by causes easy to analyze. Vienna is "the head without a body," where proceeds what business men call a vast "overhead" expenditure with no volume of business to sustain it.

But Germany is not Communist. In no country is capital more powerful and triumphant. Nor is Germany a head without a body. By war she has lost less than one-fifth of her territory, and more than four-fifths remains. Why, then, has the mark fallen from 23 cents to about one-seventeenth of a cent? It is a fall to one-four-hundredth of value or—allowing for a feverish recovery—to one-three-hundredth. What is the explanation?

The immediate reason for the fall in the mark is easy enough to state. Paper money is a symbol for gold. On a dollar bill are printed the words:

> The Federal Reserve Bank of New York will pay to the bearer on demand one dollar.

The bill is issued on the security of the United States, dischargeable in gold. In Germany, one year ago, the gold reserve was $250,000,000. The outstanding paper was $17,500,000,000. The proportion of paper to gold was thus 70 to 1. And to-day the position is worse. German currency merely represents credit, not assets. In a single week as many as 10,000,000,000 paper marks, equivalent to more than 2,000,000,000 paper dollars, have been issued, not to pay reparations, but with obvious intent to depreciate.

On this phenomenon there can be no higher authority than Dr. Bruhn, the chairman of Krupps' directors. Recently he has said:

> Inflation is the lesser evil. The greatest evil would be if we were to stop working.

In other words, the inflation is deliberate. The industrial magnates have ordained it. George Bernhard, editor of the "Vossische Zeitung," has expressed the view that Stinnes is playing for a collapse. The objective is Germany busy but Germany bankrupt. She is to recover her trade, but she is to shed her debts.

Take first her industries, and secondly her finance. In May, 1921, Mr. Schwab, supported by Mr. Hoover, declared that Germany had gone back to work and was "winning the peace." In Mr. Hoover's words, she hoped "to coin desperate labor into good solid money." On August 12 the London "Economist," the highest financial authority in the British Empire, reported of Germany:

> The trade boom is growing; and an increasing number of manufacturers refuse to deliver before the end of the year, and in all cases provide for alteration of their contract prices in case wages or other costing factors increase. Employment continues to improve, and the unsatisfied demand for labor materially exceeds the small number of unemployed. The number of publicly supported unemployed has fallen from 314,475 a year ago to 19,864 on July 1. Crops will not be as bad as was feared some weeks ago, but will not be as good as in 1921.

The unemployed in Germany are 20,000 in numbers, and in Britain, with sterling rising to par, the unemployed number nearly 2,000,000, this on a smaller population.

Inflation of currency is thus a tonic while it lasts. In Germany's home market it has resulted in constantly rising prices. Goods are ordered to-day because they can be sold to-morrow at an assured profit. Companies have raised an immense volume of new capital, employees becoming mark millionaires in a month. As prices have risen, so on the whole have wages, and one estimate is that, as a result of the war, the standard of living in Germany has fallen only six per cent. As an eight-hour day has been substituted for a nine-hour day—with a temporary but considerable diminution of output due to the fragrance of Bolshevism—this is certainly an interesting result. The workers are considered to be well fed and well clothed. A mercantile marine is in process of construction. The tonnage of shipping cleared at Hamburg is rapidly returning to normal, and the number of passenger automobiles, which in 1914 was 60,676, had risen by 1921 to 60,966, while in some cities skyscrapers of American plan are being projected. Into a period of peace Germany has thus continued the feverish activities of war.

But, having developed great industrial cities and a crowded population, the Germans cannot live by taking in one another's washing. They must have foreign trade, and this foreign trade, like the home trade, has been stimulated by inflation. Take Krupps. It is true that seventy-five per cent of the ore used by Krupps is now imported and paid for in gold. But, on the other hand, Krupps receive gold for every manufactured product that they export. The difference between these imports and those exports is a gold difference in favor of Krupps, and put into marks that gold is multiplied hundreds of times in paper value. Now the rise in German wages has always been lower than the rise in the value of gold. If Krupps get 300 marks for their one mark gold, they have only to pay 150 marks or less on increased wages, salaries, and overhead expenses. On the transaction they have thus an enormous margin of profit—sufficient to enable them to sell steel in England at $20 less per ton than England can make that steel.

It is true that Germany has lost many investments abroad by confiscation. But after peace was signed her financiers met this difficulty by exporting foreign investments held in Germany. The object was twofold. First, it meant that these foreign investments could not be seized in Germany for reparations or taxes imposed for the purpose of reparations. And, secondly, it provided Germany with assets in foreign banks against which she could get credit for the purchase of raw material that she badly needed owing to the depletion of her stocks. Her own banks were, doubtless, weakened by the loss of these exported securities and had to lend to their own people without such security and thus contribute to inflation, but this result, as we have seen, German financiers did not mind. Inflation has been their game throughout.

We thus see that, in peace as well as in war, the German mind is comprehensive, thoroughly logical, and organized to the last detail, like a machine. The depreciation of the mark has of course led to many valuable German assets passing at low prices into foreign hands, but on balance Germany has gained enormously. Her assets of every kind—mines, forests, factories, farms, etc.—are worth about $70,000,000,000 gold, none of which assets, as valued in gold, are affected by the fall in the mark. When, however, we come to Germany's liabilities, we find a very different story. The whole of her domestic war debt, much swollen since the armistice, is in paper, and last year it had reached about 250,000,000,000 of such marks, or $60,000,000,000. But see what happens when the mark falls to one-three-hundredth of its face value. The German debt shrinks to only $200,000,000, or less than one-hundredth of the Federal debt of the United States. One can easily understand why Germany would like to raise an international loan, even of moderate dimensions. For every cent she receives by such loan she can redeem 300 cents of scrip face value, issued—all of it—in the first instance at or about par.

The German argument is thus subtle and ingenious. She sees Britain, with her sterling exchange almost back to normal, heavily taxed and painfully repaying to her creditors, at home and abroad, 20 shillings in the pound. How much easier to postpone taxation, to retain innumerable officials, to run the post office and railways at a loss, and so depreciate not only the currency, but the debts of every kind dependent on it! When Germany had to find a billion dollars in gold last year for reparations, she let the mark slump, and it is estimated that her foreign creditors lost much more by the fall than the Allies gained by the billion dollars. With their assets safely planted abroad, German capitalists would rather like the country to go bankrupt and get rid of its liabilities, and especially of reparations. Then, with the capital thus exported, they would start business again unhampered by actual and political liabilities.

That this has been and is the German strategy, I take to be demonstrable beyond possibility of challenge. Whether she can "put it over" is another question. After all, when the mark fell to 2 cents, many people outside Germany bought the currency in the belief that Germany would play the game and seek

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a recovery of her credit. On their part, it was doubtless a speculation, but it will be a long time before German marks are again trusted abroad. Also, inflation is like running a bicycle down hill. What exactly will happen when the brake is applied? May it not then be up-hill work, as in the United States during deflation?

What Dr. Hermes, the German Finance Minister, says is that reparations are "the cause of the entire financial distress of the Empire." He is right. Whether the reparations be reasonable or excessive, Germany does not want to pay one gold mark more than she has to or before she is made to pay. Inflation is her weapon not only for promoting commerce but for postponing installments when they fall due. As long as the amount of reparations continues indeterminate, for so long will Germany drive down her apparent credit at home, building up by a feverish trade new credits abroad, which the Allies cannot touch.

In saying that the Germans are not philanthropists, but are thinking mainly of their own interests, the French also are right. The Germans are in that respect like every other nation that walks this earth. Whether the inflation is an honest device, one may argue one way and the other way. The Germans consider that it is their economic defense against claims for reparations of an impossible amount. The practical question, however, is not one of ethics. It is plain that Germany will pay nothing except as she is compelled, and what we have to decide is how far she can be compelled. The profits on her state mines and forests, when reduced to gold, are negligible—perhaps intentionally negligible—and there is little hope that those profits would increase if German workers were to be placed under the alien control of French officers. Military measures against Germany, in which France would have to act alone, whether justified by the facts or not, would fail to raise money. Interrupt German industry, and the last hope of reparations seems likely to vanish.

Germany is to-day recovering. By her treaty with the Soviets she has obtained access to the vast resources of Russia which she is now organizing. In one year her population rose by 750,000, while the population of France fell by 200,000. The balance of population was changed to the disadvantage of France by one million in twelve months—this without any annexation of Austria or other extension of German territory. The very measures which disarm Germany on the military side strengthen her armament as a commercial Power. One billion dollars' worth of gun plant has been scrapped at Krupps under General Bingham, of the British army. And Krupps is making locomotives with other steel products, which are seized by customers before they are cold. The German budget shows an item of 3,600,000,000 marks for defense and 8,100,000,000 marks for pensions, or 11,700,000,000 marks in all for the army and navy. In gold this works out at less than $8,000,000! The naval and military budget of France is 5,000,000,000 francs. In gold that works out at $400,000,000. Germany is thus spending in gold one-fiftieth of the sums spent by France upon armaments, pensions included. That, in plain terms, is the situation that we are up against.

THE CRIME WAVE AND THE JURY

BY IMOGEN B. OAKLEY

THE report of the Cleveland Crime Survey has been published, various Bar Associations have spoken, and the consensus of opinion appears to be that the courts are congested, that legal procedure in many cases is antiquated, and that the law's delay which is the consequence of the congestion and the antiquated methods is a direct encouragement to the criminal and an incentive to crime.

The jury seems to have escaped criticism, yet my experience as a juror in the criminal court compels the verdict that the jury, as it is selected to-day, must bear a large share of the responsibility for the contempt of law which is the primary cause of the crime wave. Nominally, every citizen on the assessors' lists is liable to jury service; actually, nearly half of those called find some way of escape. Precedent and political influence are invoked to exempt those best fitted to pass upon the guilt or innocence of their fellow-citizens at the bar, and that solemn responsibility is left to the ignorant and inexperienced. The "twelve men tried and true" have ceased to be tried, and though they may be true according to their lights, those lights are often but a feeble glimmer.

In my own State the written law exempts from jury service any man who has been a member of the National Guard for nine years or who after nine months in the United States Army has been honorably discharged. Precedent rules that physicians and nurses shall be automatically excused. Lawyers are called officers of the court and are excused. The judge may at his discretion excuse any one who claims that his business will suffer without his actual presence, and teachers and clergymen appeal successfully, as a rule, to that discretion. Those who cater to the necessary needs of the community—the butcher, the baker, the electric-light maker—find small difficulty in persuading the court that they are of more value as public providers than as jurors. A watchmaker summoned to my jury was permitted to return to his work because he said he was the only expert workman in his shop. Political influence can be trusted to relieve from service all those with a pull, and foresighted citizens who contribute handsomely to the expenses of the party in power need not fear the tedium of the court-room.

By these various processes of elimination, the eighty talesmen assigned to my court were reduced to forty-two before the court opened. Only four of the forty-two gave evidence of anything more than a primary education. Chauffeurs, waiters, plumbers' assistants, clerks from small shops, men "temporarily out of a job" predominated. The women did not raise the level of intelligence. In addition to my wholly inexperienced self, my sex was represented by a colored woman, elderly and somnolent, and two flappers whom their masculine fellow-jurors openly admired, and with whom the younger of them openly flirted. We were an ignorant and inefficient group. Several of us had never before been in a court-room. More than one could have sympathized with the juror who, after the trial was over and the judge had made his charge, was asked whether he would vote for the plaintiff or the defendant, and replied helplessly, "But which is the plaintiff and which the defendant?" We did not know how to weigh evidence nor sift the conflicting and contradictory testimony of the witnesses. Our "native common sense" did not save us from unjust verdicts. We punished the innocent and bade the guilty go free.

Happily, though it was the criminal court, the cases were for the most part trivial. In the first one submitted to us, a colored truck-driver was accused of selling a barrel of apples from the truck and putting the money into his own pocket. The witnesses were his fellow-employees, ignorant colored men like himself, and under the heckling of the lawyers they grew more and more confused in their testimony. They contradicted themselves and one another and left us in a maze of doubt and bewilderment. The judge's charge failed to extricate us. We could not agree and were sent to the jury room for consultation.

The jury room was small, dark, and badly ventilated. It contained a table, twelve chairs, and an enormous spittoon, around which we gathered. The men eagerly lighted their pipes, and it at once occurred to me that ignorant jurors, only half-conscious of their responsibilities, might easily agree to disagree in order to escape for a while from the severe decorum of the court and lounge and smoke in the jury room. I

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have since been assured that evidence is not lacking to confirm my suspicion.

The jury room, as I have said, was stuffy and the pipes were rank. My soul revolted at the thought of seeing that huge spittoon put into active use, so I said, "Excuse me, gentlemen, but smoking is forbidden in court."

"This is not the court," said a juror, puffing clouds of bad tobacco smoke into the already foul air.

"Let us leave it to the judge," I replied. "I will call the guard and tell him to ask the judge whether this room is or is not the court."

Every pipe was instantly put out—a bit of circumstantial evidence in favor of my suspicion—and we quickly decided that, while the testimony was contradictory and bewildering, it did seem, on the whole, to lean toward the prisoner and we would give him the benefit of the doubt. Our foreman reported a verdict of acquittal, and the old experienced crier, with whom I had established friendly relations, found opportunity to whisper to me, "Well, that *was* a bum verdict." I appealed to the prosecuting attorney, who was my kindly guide through the mazes of legal procedure, to know why it was "bum," and he said, "You went straight against the evidence. We know the man is guilty. He has confessed. And you paid no attention to the judge's charge."

"What else can you expect from such an ignorant and inexperienced lot as we are?" I replied. "We thought we were following the evidence. We thought we were heeding the judge's charge. We did the best we could."

In another typical case we were asked to decide which of two toughs had hit the other first in a street fight. Four of us, the four oldest and most experienced in the ways of the world, believed the testimony pointed to the guilt of the defendant; eight, including the flappers and their admirers, insisted upon his innocence. Again we were sent to the jury room for consultation. It had happened that a witness had referred to a previous fight between the plaintiff and the defendant, and the judge had warned us that that bit of testimony had no connection with the case and must not be considered. One of the flappers quoted it, and, when reminded that the judge had charged us to forget it, she said, "Well, I guess we must go by what the witnesses say. I guess we heard what that witness *said*. I guess we know as much as the judge does about *that*."

Her admirers supported her and it looked as if we must remain four to eight, but one of the four whispered to me, "These young people are so young that they know it all. No argument will change them. If we do not agree, the case will have to be retried. Is it worth a retrial? Does it really matter which of these two toughs hit the other first?"

I agreed that it did not, we went over to the majority, and the foreman reported a verdict for the defendant. When I asked the prosecuting attorney what he thought of the verdict, he said: "All the evidence is against the defendant. Why did you not listen to the judge?"

"This time I know we ignored the judge's charge," I answered, "but the flappers and their young men would have it so." And he sighed, "You never can tell what a jury will do."

One reason why you never can tell is that the jury, being ignorant and inexperienced, falls easily under the spell of emotional oratory. It has become the custom of the lawyers for the defense to say little about the evidence against their clients, but much of their sufferings under the accusations of the prosecution. The stronger the evidence against them, the more vividly the sufferings are portrayed. The jury is implored to think of the ignominy that will attach to the devoted wife of the defendant if the verdict be against him, of the disgrace that will pursue his innocent children. The gray hairs of an aged mother become a criminal's best defense, "sob-stuff" takes the place of argument, and if a lawyer can make the jury weep he need not fear its verdict.

Not long ago a bootlegger was brought to trial before the Federal court in my own city. It happened to be Easter week, and the bootlegger's lawyer, profiting by the memories evoked by the sacred season, compared the sufferings of his client under the charges of the prosecution to the sufferings of Christ on his way to Calvary! Tears of emotion dimmed the eyes of the men jurors, the one protesting woman felt herself obliged to yield to the tearful majority, and the bootlegger left the court a vindicated man.

It is worth while to note that it is the women jurors who are objecting to the substitution of emotion for evidence and "sob-stuff" for argument. The men, even the most intelligent, have failed to register a protest.

Another reason why you never can tell what a jury will do is that, being ignorant and inexperienced, it is easily prejudiced against the testimony of the police. In the majority of the cases submitted to my court police officers testified either for the defense or the prosecution, and the opposing lawyer always urged us to pay no attention to anything they might say.

"All policemen are liars," said one attorney in asking a verdict for his client. "It is their business to build up a case, and they build it up, evidence or no evidence."

I asked that lawyer later if he thought it conducive to law and order to condemn the police in open court. "Look at the people in this court-room," I said. "They are all ignorant. Many of them are aliens. All of them are criminals or the friends of criminals. Tell them that the police are corrupt and are building cases against them, and what becomes of their respect for the law?"

He merely shrugged his shoulders. His one aim was to influence the jury, and he had the support of precedent. A lieutenant of police has lately lamented to me the effect of this discrediting of police testimony in open court upon the morale of the force. "If we are always spoken of as knaves," he said, "where is the incentive to be honest? If the force is as corrupt as the lawyers would have the jury believe, why not devote to its improvement the energy spent in denouncing it?"

Given the jury as I found it, it is evident that upon it must rest a due proportion of the responsibility for the miscarriages of justice which disgrace our courts and give immunity to the criminal. It is not the severity of the sentence that the lawbreaker fears; it is the certainty of the sentence. The jury stands for uncertainty. The criminal knows that if he can secure a lawyer who is expert in heckling witnesses until they become bewildered and uncertain, the jury will become bewildered and uncertain. He knows that if his lawyer is able to play upon the emotion of the jurors and move them to tears he can await their verdict without trembling. The native common sense of the ignorant juror is supposed to guide him through the mazes of conflicting evidence and the pitfalls spread by emotional oratory, but common sense is not an invariable attribute of the ignorant and inexperienced, nor has it been proved that native common sense is eradicated by education. To be a good juror does not imply a college degree. The expert watchmaker who was excused from my jury was evidently not a college graduate, but his skilled trade had made him observant and taught him concentration, yet those very qualities which made him invaluable as a juror served to relieve him from jury duty.

I asked a lawyer, upon whose client we sat in judgment, if he would tell me why he had challenged so many jurors. "Because they were just plain stupid," he said. "They could not have understood the evidence."

Intelligence tests are superseding examinations and references for entrance into college and the business world; perhaps in time they will be used to eliminate the "plain stupid" from the jury box. Perhaps, too, the tests which are weeding morons out of the United States Army may eventually weed the illiterate and feeble-minded from that vastly more important army whose weapons are votes and whose battle-ground is the ballot-box.

I may add that I submitted my verdict on the jury to my judge and he agreed it is just. He agreed that the jury, as at present selected, is unrepresentative and therefore too often inexperienced and incompetent.

He agreed that if mixed juries are to continue the age limit must be raised Twenty-one years may insure enough wisdom to vote but not enough to enable young men and young women to sit side by side in the jury box and hear

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and discuss the unsavory testimony of the criminal court.

He agreed that lawyers who "work the *sob racket*" should be checked, but when I ventured to ask him why he had not checked them in his own court he replied that he had not the authority. It would take the united action of many judges to overturn a precedent so long established.

He agreed that the discrediting of police testimony in open court tends to demoralize the criminal class, the jury, and the force itself, but he felt again that only by united action can the custom be abolished.

He agreed that I had common sense on my side when I suggested that the chief reason why cleanly and intelligent citizens evade jury duty in the criminal court is that a murder trial will consign them to the jury dormitory and compel them to bunk next to men of doubtful cleanliness and of any "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." The jury dormitory might have meant democracy in the time of Alfred, but in the twentieth century it is merely defiance of the elementary laws of health and hygiene. Modern sanitary science demands separate cubicles, and until they are provided women jurors will be justified in refusing to go into a dormitory and preferring a jail sentence for contempt of court, for in a jail one may at least have a cell to herself.

I left the court-room on my last day profoundly depressed by the jury system as I had seen it in operation, and by my own share in so many unjust verdicts. I was the more pleased when the crier, who had been the severest critic of our verdicts, followed me with outstretched hand. "Good-by," he said, "good-by, and I hope they'll send you back to us soon. You've got the makin's of a good juror."

GIFFORD PINCHOT

BY EDWARD J. HUNTER

THE Bull Moose has fought a decisive battle with the Elephant in the Pennsylvania political arena, and has subdued him. Now the pachyderm plods docilely in the wake of his antlered conqueror, and together they are going to administer the usual drubbing to the Democratic Donkey on election day in November.

In other words, Gifford Pinchot, disciple of Roosevelt and the foremost of the Bull Moose in the Keystone State, who stands for everything the Republican organization leaders have scoffed at since T. R.'s memorable campaign in 1912, is to be the next Governor of Pennsylvania, and he is to be elected as the regular Republican candidate. And, furthermore, the one-time followers of Boise Penrose, men who fought Pinchot bitterly in the primary election, will accept the inevitable and help the Progressive host, which brought about his nomination, in rolling up the customary Republican majority.

So in January next the chief executive's mansion, occupied for so many generations by men subservient to the dictates of the Republican machine, will be occupied by Roosevelt's Chief Forester, one of his most trusted lieutenants, who sums up his pledges to the people by announcing that he will give them "a Roosevelt square deal."

That Pinchot will be elected there is not the slightest doubt. Of course the "unterrified" of the Democracy, who have a morose habit of prolonging their own agony, may insist that their candidate, John A. McSparran, who is also the Master of the Pennsylvania State Grange, has a chance to win. But in their innermost consciousnesses they know he hasn't the remotest chance.

Pitted against any other candidate than Pinchot, McSparran would poll a vote much larger than has ever been given to any Democratic candidate in Pennsylvania since Robert E. Pattison was chosen Governor. He represents the best his party has to offer, having been selected in opposition to the desires of the machine leaders. But, this year, against Pinchot, he hasn't any chance whatever.

Pinchot not only represents a programme of good government, which the people know he is honest and vigorous enough to put into effect, but, more than that, he represents a movement which the people of Pennsylvania, in a more or less confused way, have been trying to bring to a successful point in the commonwealth's political life for many years.

Pinchot typifies to the people the destroyer of the boss system. There always has been an undercurrent of sentiment against bossism in the State, even though observers may have believed that it was "corrupt and contented." In 1912, when Colonel Roosevelt came into Pennsylvania and declared war on Boies Penrose, in the contest for delegates to the Republican National Convention in Chicago, the people answered his call because they saw an attack on the bosses. When the Progressive party was formed, and Roosevelt, continuing his fight, called for the State's electoral vote, he got it. The people wanted to end the boss system, and they felt that T. R.'s return to Presidential power meant the downfall of Penrose and his associates.

Subsequently, with the magnetic personality of the Colonel removed, the ardor of the people cooled, and the Progressive force was disorganized. But it came back strongly in the recent primary election, and the selection of Gifford Pinchot as the Republican gubernatorial candidate was the result.

Unquestionably the political blunders of the Republican machine leaders contributed to the success of Pinchot—that and the fact that there was a disaffection in their ranks which precipitated certain disclosures concerning mismanagement of the Pennsylvania State Treasury. But these were merely contributing causes—the main elements that produced victory lay in the realization that Pinchot stood for Rooseveltism, and that his Rooseveltism was not a modified or diluted article, but such as might be expected from a man who had lived and worked with and shared the confidence of the man whom Pennsylvania reverences as it does only Lincoln and Washington.

As to the blunders of the organization leaders, these consisted of certain acts which helped to emphasize the declarations of Pinchot that a little group of men was nullifying the Uniform Primaries Act and taking out of the hands of the people their right to select the party candidates.

When the time arrived for the selection of a machine man for the gubernatorial nomination, Penrose had died. A group of county leaders, together with Governor William C. Sproul, essayed to take the power of Penrose into their hands. Another group, sympathetic with Joseph R. Grundy, President of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, declined to work with them.

Consequently it was difficult for the Sproul group of leaders to concentrate on one man. Several men upon whom they looked with favor had thrown themselves into the race, and, in addition, the Grundy faction had entered John S. Fisher, former Banking Commissioner of the State.

Finally the Sproul leaders managed to eliminate all but Fisher and Pinchot, although they never had hoped to drive the Forester out of the race. Then they entered an entirely new candidate, George E. Alter, Attorney-General of Pennsylvania.

This process of elimination not only required considerable time, but it involved endless secret conferences, and with Pinchot pointing his finger continually to the efforts of the bosses to defeat the purposes of the primary election, the people were deeply impressed by the spectacle.

And to more thoroughly stamp the iniquity upon the popular mind, John S. Fisher, who had previously refused to get out of the field at the behest of the Sproul leaders, withdrew with a call to the people to name Pinchot and defeat the attempt to nullify the primary.

The battle in the primary election was

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a definite fight upon the issue as to whether a set of bosses or the Republican voters themselves should name the gubernatorial candidate. Exposure of the mismanagement of the State's funds came shortly before the primary election, through the Auditor-General, Samuel E. Lewis, one of those opposing the Sproul coalition. It influenced thousands of votes, no doubt, but the major issue was that of bossism.

The election of Pinchot, therefore, will result, the people firmly believe, in the ending of the system which has not only saddled bad government on their State for generations, but has gained their commonwealth an evil reputation throughout the Union. The election of McSparran, were that possible in a State so strongly Republican as Pennsylvania, would simply destroy the work which has already been accomplished in returning the government of Pennsylvania once more into the hands of its people.

This is generally recognized by the voters throughout the State, and the election of Pinchot therefore is beyond question. The only thing the balloting in November can settle more definitely is the size of his vote. And the indications are that his victory will far surpass that of any previous Republican candidate for the place of chief executive.

Under favorable conditions there might have been a rebellion of the Republican machine leaders; but with George Wharton Pepper, of Philadelphia, and Major David A. Reed, of Pittsburgh, sharing the Senatorial patronage at Washington—both men who are as deeply opposed to the boss type of politician as is Gifford Pinchot himself—the practical political leaders are not in a position to attempt such a defection.

The commonwealth has settled down, therefore, in the comfortable belief that the era of the Camerons, the Quays, and the Penroses has passed forever, and that when in January next Gifford Pinchot moves into the executive mansion at Harrisburg he will, to use his own phrase, "turn on the light and clean up the mess."

Pinchot himself, however, is carrying on a campaign which is every whit as extensive and as vigorous as though he had only a shred of a chance to win. He doesn't question the certainty of his victory. In fact, he already has appointed a committee of leading citizens to examine the State's obsolete financial system so that he may, immediately upon taking office, recommend reforms to the Legislature.

But he is resolved that his triumph shall be so decisive that it will rob the bosses of the power effectively to oppose his reform measures in the General Assembly.

Almost any other political aspirant, facing such a roseate prospect as does Pinchot, would seat himself on his front porch and loll away the hours until election in pleasant meditation. Especially would he do so did he enjoy such a pleasing view as is obtainable as one looks down the valley from the altitudinous terraces of the Pinchot mansion, Grey Towers, just outside Milford, Pike County, Pennsylvania.

MR. AND MRS. PINCHOT IN CONFERENCE CONCERNING THE DETAILS OF THE CAMPAIGN FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP

But Pinchot insists that he must get out among the people and tell them of the programme for Pennsylvania's uplift that he has in mind. Before election day he is going to go into every county in the State, and there are sixty-seven of them. And in each county he is going to visit as many communities as can be crowded into the itinerary.

To make it easier to jump from place to place, without long layovers, he is making his tour in an automobile. The Republican State Committee could well afford to pay train expenses, which would make the trip much easier for the gubernatorial candidate, but he has declined to consider the question of fatigue. The auto, he feels, is more adaptable to his needs—he can visit more places in one day—and that is the only phase of the matter which strikes him as important. However, auto-campaigning is not new to him. When he ran against Boies Penrose, in a forlorn contest for the United States Senatorship, he rode all over the State in a Ford. This time, however, he will travel in a six-cylinder car, because it gives him more chance to stretch his legs.

As a campaigner, Mr. Pinchot is quite as dynamic as Colonel Roosevelt. The Colonel put more gestures into his speeches—fairly exhausted himself sometimes in driving home his oratorical points. But T. R. would conserve his strength when he was not speaking. Pinchot, however, keeps moving almost incessantly from the moment he opens his tour.

During his primary election campaign he almost exhausted the newspaper correspondents who were with him. He was up and out of his hotel—when he stopped overnight in a hotel—before daybreak. And if he touched bed again before midnight it was because he was to continue his journey in a sleeper—as was usually the case—and the railway schedule compelled him to get aboard before the mystic hour of twelve. And in his waking hours it was a constant whirl from town to town, with barely enough time to bolt a meal now and then.

But with all the hardships of campaigning with Pinchot, there wasn't a man among them who wasn't ready to go out again with him when the time for his fall trip arrived, despite the fact that itinerary and the mode of travel promised even more grueling adventures.

And it was simply because Gifford Pinchot is the sort of man who inspires others. To begin with, he has a fine personality, one that wins and holds friendships. And, more than that, his honesty and sincerity impress themselves on one at the first meeting.

To correspondents, who had campaigned with practical politicians, who were mere mouthpieces for a political machine, it was a real joy to write about a man who was the personification of integrity, and who sought nothing in politics except the honorable opportunity to reshape the political destinies of his native State for the good of its people.

Yet, with all his sincerity of purpose, all of his intense desire for real public service, Pinchot is by no means a self-centered zealot, a bore who is always ready to inflict his views upon those around him. He is a man of charming manners, has an exquisite sense of

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GIFFORD PINCHOT INSTRUCTING HIS SON, GIFFORD, JR., IN MARKSMANSHIP AT GREY TOWERS

humor, and under the most trying circumstances is a pleasant companion.

During his primary campaign he lost his voice, and for days his throat was so greatly inflamed that it gave him intense pain. On top of this, his right hand became very sore, through shaking hands with thousands of persons each day. Either one of these afflictions would have developed at least grumpiness on the part of an average person forced to carry on a political campaign. But Pinchot not only concealed all manifestations of pain, but during long train or automobile rides laughed incessantly at the pleasantries of the newspaper men. And it is doubtful whether any one among those he met during those days knew just how badly he felt.

When Pinchot addresses an audience, he wins it almost immediately. Before he opens his mouth, the audience is convinced—if it is convinceable—that he is an honest man, that what he is about to say will be the truth, and what he promises to do will be done if it is possible for a man to do it, and if it isn't done it will not be because he has failed to make the attempt.

It was the discovery of this reaction on the part of his audiences by the newspaper men accompanying him that made it possible for them, after a certain stage in his primary campaign, to predict his nomination, in face of the fact that he was opposing the machine, whose "slated candidates" for State offices had never gone down to defeat.

The comments of the men and women who turned out to hear him showed that he won their confidence the minute they took a look at him, and that when they had heard him speak they were committed to his cause. Of course this is true of any candidate where the audience is picked by well-known political methods, but in Pinchot's case the assemblages were almost wholly impromptu gatherings.

Pinchot is not a great orator. He lacks both the word power and the gesticulations of Roosevelt. But he has the intense earnestness which marked T. R.'s utterances, and it means more than all the polished periods and brilliant epigrams that the most eloquent speaker might roll out. Wherever he has gone in his primary election campaign—and in his general election tour up to date—it is apparent that the people stamp their approval upon him because he is the embodiment of honesty, and his words—uttered in a plain, heart-to-heart manner—ring true.

Probably nowhere does one obtain a more comprehensive insight into the many-sidedness of Pinchot than at his home at Milford. His den and office, which is on the first floor of one of the towers from which the house takes its name, has objects in it which run the gamut of human activities—guns, books on forestry, fishing tackle, statistics on conservation of natural resources, quaint bits of art, outlines for reforms in various departments of State government—a perfect conglomeration of objects which play some part in the varied interests of his busy life.

There is hardly a subject which the ordinary human being may wish to discuss, whether it be fishing, hunting, aviation, good government, taxation, the drama, or literature, which he cannot take up authoritatively, and like as not illustrate with something either on his desk, the walls, or in the book-cases.

While a great lover of life in the open, he is also a student and a tremendously hard worker. Even when at home at Grey Towers, he is continuously on the go, except when he has to play the host. One minute he is to be seen poring over a book, reading a report, or dictating a letter, and soon after he appears costumed for a try at the trout in the creek which runs through his estate. And, next to wading the stream after the trout, the greatest pleasure he can derive is in togging out his seven-year-old son, Gifford, Jr., popularly known as "Mr. Fish," and taking him along to try his hand with the fishing-rod.

Mr. Pinchot likes to be home at Grey Towers, for there, he says, he can work around in old clothes and wear soft shoes and an old hat and enjoy himself.

One of the pleasant features of life at the Pinchot home is the partnership, in every respect, which exists between husband and wife. Mrs. Pinchot is not only interested in the pleasures that are her husband's, but she is equally as well versed in politics and knows the State, its people, and its problems of a governmental character as thoroughly as does Mr. Pinchot.

In fact, the practical politicians profess to fear her more than they do her husband, for they say she wields tremendous influence among the women of the State, which is unquestionably true. She is a member of the Republican State Committee from Pike County, the county's only member, in fact. She makes a speech which puts many a male orator in the shade, and she has an exceedingly comprehensive knowledge of the political cross-currents of the State.

Always before adopting any course of political action Mr. Pinchot consults with the "State committeeman from Pike County," and there is no evidence that he has made any mistakes so far.

If he were to do nothing more for the sake of the State politically, Mr. Pinchot has accomplished one thing which will indelibly stamp his name upon its history. As far back as the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, it has been the custom of the State's dominant political party to assess the employees of the State and the various local governments to help defray the costs of the State-wide campaigns. Each follower of the party holding a job, no matter how humble the place or meager the salary, has been forced to pay a certain percentage of his yearly wage. This system has been a subject of protest for years, but no candidate, no matter what his pretensions to honesty might be, ever attempted to end this practice until Mr. Pinchot found that he had been nominated.

Then he notified the Republican State Committee that if this system of extorting assessments was to prevail, he would sever his campaign from its control and conduct it himself. The State committee argued that it was impossible to conduct a campaign without gouging the State and city employees, but finally, when it was found that Mr. Pinchot meant what he said, the Committee decided that, after all was said and done, it would be better to raise the necessary money from private sources.

That was triumph No. 1 for the Bull Moose, as the machine politicians call Mr. Pinchot. Since then the Committee has accepted his counsel and direction without debate, all of which augurs well for the future. It means that Pinchot will not only be elected, but he will find the Legislature amenable to his advice, and it will be possible to carry out the "Roosevelt square deal" programme which he promised the people.

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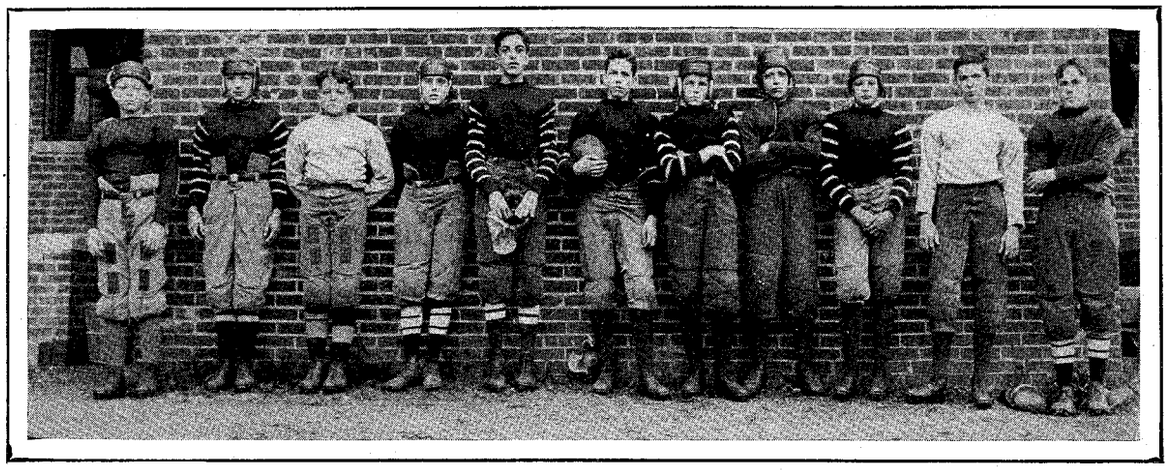

AN ALMOST IDEAL JUNIOR FOOTBALL ELEVEN, WITH REASONABLY SMALL VARIATIONS IN WEIGHT AND AGE. SECOND TEAM, CARTERET ACADEMY, ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

The second and third teams, kept rigidly to boys of nearly the same size and age, were thus capable of superior team-work, and lost altogether but three games in thirty in two years

WHEN YOUR BOY PLAYS FOOTBALL

BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR

AS one of our great National sports reaches its usual spectacular wind-up in New York, the second one gets into its fall stride. These two games, baseball and football, are assets of no mean value—not when played by professionals for the excitement of some thousands of bench athletes, but when played by schoolboys for their own mental, moral, and physical benefit.

Each game brings its own peculiar benefits. With baseball, for instance, comes the most rapid kind of co-ordination between mind and body. There must be instantaneous judgment and individual alertness of very high order. There must be a stern self-control, for all ball players know the fatal rout that comes when a team "goes up in the air." So much for baseball. The season's knell is sounding for the professionals and that for the schools sounded months ago.

Enters football. And here we have another fine game that can be of enormous aid, not only in physical development, but in developing physical courage, the ability to take a rough-and-tumble in good humor and a bump or two without self-pity. It develops the ability to work as a member of a team. And team-play is a mark of civilization. A football eleven made up of eleven individuals is no team at all, and deserves the certain defeat that comes to it. This is something that boys learn, and those who are worth anything become able to sink their individualities in the team, and out of this arises fine and rapid team-play, rapid and effective interference, the resolute fighting of a good team of sportsmen going down to defeat, but going down gallantly, with flags flying to the last bitter moment. Here's a game that requires real manhood, and often develops manhood where it was seemingly lacking before. Here's a game that bumps a self-centered youth out of himself, and, by virtue of much rolling in the mud and sundry hard knockings against a tough old earth and sundry hard elbows, feet, and leather armor, makes him into a genial, co-operating fellow-citizen.

And all this is rather hard to say when one reads every fall of the number of fatal accidents and quantities of painful injuries gained by the more youthful players of this noble game. We do have the deaths, and we do have the broken legs, arms, collar bones, and so on. And it is because of this well-advertised annual list of unfortunate happenings that many parents, perhaps wisely, keep their young sons out of the game and many schools try to discourage it.

And yet, after all, if one or two reasonable regulations are strictly and fairly enforced, the chance of accident is reduced to such a minimum that football may well become much safer than many other sports—basket-ball, for instance, which has such an unpleasant record with its younger enthusiasts, who too often gain heart enlargement through its too long continued violence.

But football, even for the small boy, and I am talking now particularly concerning the playing of this game on the part of lads under college age—for the boy and youth, then, football becomes quite safe and of immense physical and character benefit if but one or two rules are understood and rigidly enforced. And this is something that the parents themselves often have to enforce. Too many coaches seem unable to avoid "taking a chance" for the sake of making a winning team a possibility.

Here is the first and most vitally important rule. When schoolboys play football, they should play in teams of boys of approximately the same weight, and should never play against other teams that weigh more than a very few pounds over their own average weight, nor should the opposing team have any one individual player weighing over two or three pounds more than the heaviest player on the first team.

The writer has seen many of the schoolboy accidents that get into print, and has looked up numbers of others, and in a great majority of cases these have come to small or young boys who have been playing with much heavier or older boys. Now it may well be that the light-weight boy in question is a very superior player, and too many coaches do not resist the temptation to put this boy with the heavier and older players. True enough, an exceedingly skillful lad of fourteen or fifteen by real dexterity may avoid serious accident when playing with a team of much heavier fellows. But in such cases you no longer have a real sport. You have only the younger and lighter boy's dexterity between him and a possible serious if not fatal injury. No boy should play under such a handicap. He should be able to give and take with the rest of his team and not need to use most of his capacities in avoiding getting badly hurt, instead of using them totally for the advancement of the game, which he could do if placed with boys of his own size.

This is certainly true when much lighter boys are sent into teams with heavier ones, and it is even true when a young but heavy and stocky boy is sent in with boys who may be no heavier, but who are considerably older. For the young boy's joints are not tightly knit. A blow that the older boy will hardly notice may injure the younger boy for life. So that there should be, in an ideal team, not only a

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homogeneity in size but also in age, when schoolboy playing is concerned.

It is true that some schools rigidly maintain such regulations, and when this is done chance of accident is reduced to a very small minimum, the boys gain much benefit and pleasure, and, which is quite important, they are very likely to win their games, for a homogeneous team is a much better machine for a fighting game like football than any team can ever be that mixes wide variations of sizes and ages. And yet the writer has seen experienced coaches do this very thing, knowing all the time that there is a real risk (to the boys, of course, and not to the coach), but willing to "take a chance" that the youngster will manage to keep out of ugly tackles and manage not to get beneath some big burly fellow who will be likely to break some of his bones. For a good example of a risky combination, the writer has seen a schoolboy team, produced by a large school, that contained players ranging from 110 to 180 pounds, and from fourteen to eighteen years of age. Such a team would average about 135, and would have to play teams of the same or even more weight, which teams could of course have players as heavy as the heaviest of the home team. One does not have to imagine the result if one opposing player of 180 pounds should happen to fall full weight on the slight 110-pound youngster. It is in the taking of such chances that our worst schoolboy accidents arise and that give this wonderfully fine game so undeserved a bad reputation.

Let us consider again another eleven the writer has followed for two or three years. Last season this younger boys' team averaged fifteen years, and ran from fourteen to sixteen, with one or two able thirteen-year athletes as substitutes. The total range in weight was about twenty pounds, though the great majority were close around the average—110 pounds. This team in its two years of play was not permitted to play antagonists whose team average was over two pounds more than its own average, nor could any one opposing player weigh over two pounds more than the home team's heaviest player. These conditions were agreed upon and approved by all the opposing teams, and in the twenty games played there were no accidents to either team or bruises worth mentioning, and the boys had no end of a good time. Not only so, but their very homogeneousness made a caliber of team-work possible that one attributes usually to older teams, so that this particular team lost but two of its twenty games in the two years of its organization. This is but one example out of many similar ones.

In any sport, and particularly a schoolboy sport, there should be one adamantine rule enforced rigidly by the school authorities, and this is, "Avoid risks," and its adjunct might well be, "Do not take a chance of sacrificing a young though able player merely for the sake of adding chances to winning." The winning isn't nearly so important as is the playing of the game in a rational fashion, with the maximum of safety—which means the maximum of fun and benefit for all.

To conclude, then, you parents who really concern yourselves with matters affecting your sons, see to it that your sons do play football, if they are physically fit, but see to it that they play with boys of their own size and against boys of their own size, if you would avoid getting your boy into splints or having him come home with some life-lasting injury, such as you read about in the papers every fall.

UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER IX—IN THE CABINET

AFTER a White House luncheon early in January, 1906, President Roosevelt asked me to wait for him in the Red Room. When the other guests had departed, he came back to me and, with his face beaming with geniality, he said:

"I don't know whether you know it or not, but I want you to become a member of my Cabinet. I have a very high estimate of your character, your judgment, and your ability, and I want you for personal reasons. There is still a further reason: I want to show Russia and some other countries what we think of the Jews in this country."

Of course I was very much gratified. I told him I had heard from several persons that he had spoken of this intention, but that I had meant to take no notice of it until he should speak to me about it; that I should certainly esteem it the very highest honor to become a member of the Cabinet, and especially to have the privilege of working alongside of him.

"I knew you would feel just that way; therefore I was anxious to let you know of my intention as long in advance as possible," replied the President. He said all this in such a cordial and affectionate manner that I was profoundly touched with this manifestation of close friendship for me.

Roosevelt added that he could not see that it would do any good, and might do harm, to make further protests regarding massacres in Russia; and he did not want to do anything that might sound well here and have just the opposite effect there. He thought it would be much more pointed evidence of our Government's interest if he put a man like me into his Cabinet, and that such a course would doubtless have a greater influence than any words with the countries in which unreasonable discrimination and prejudice prevailed.

He told me that it might be July, or even later, before he could carry out his purpose. But I was to regard my appointment to one of the Cabinet positions as certain.

My wife and the rest of my family were of course elated at hearing the news, particularly my brother Isidor, whose attitude toward me, his youngest brother, was always more like that of an affectionate father than a brother. I felt no trepidation, especially should I be selected for the Department of Commerce and Labor. My past training and interest in many of the subjects that came up under that Department made me conversant with the main questions it had to administer.

PERMANENT RETIREMENT FROM PRIVATE BUSINESS

Upon my return to New York I began to make arrangements for severing all business connections. This I thought wise, particularly if I became head of the Department of Commerce and Labor. It was not a necessary step, but I wanted it never to be said that I advocated any measure or made any decision that might in the remotest way be of advantage to my private interests. I spoke to Roosevelt about my intention, and he said that, while it was not essential, if I could do so it would on the whole be advisable; that situated similarly he would do the same thing himself. Before assuming office, therefore, I had retired from business for good, and I have not since that time been connected with any business for personal profit.

My nomination was officially made in September, but it was not until early December, 1906, that I received a letter from William Loeb, Jr., the President's secretary, notifying me that the President desired me to assume office on December 17.

The scope of the Department as constituted then was probably the largest of the nine branches of the Government. It was charged with the work of promoting the commerce, mining, manufacturing, shipping, and fishery industries of the country, as well as its transportation facilities and its labor interests; in addition it had jurisdiction over the entire subject of immigration. It had twelve bureaus: Corporations; manufactures; labor; lighthouses; Census; Coast

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and Geodetic Survey; statistics, including foreign commerce; steamboat inspection; immigration and naturalization; and standards.

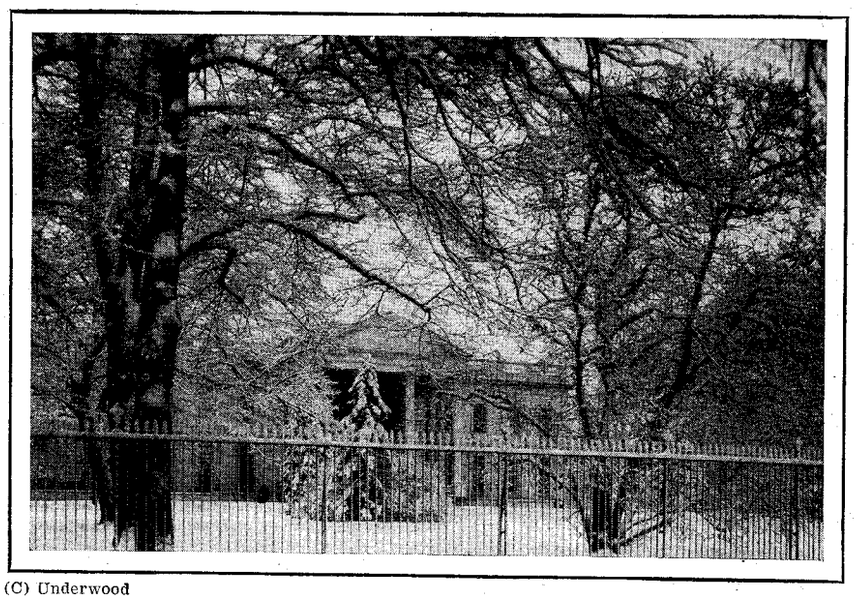
In order to co-ordinate the work of these various bureaus I instituted the simple method employed by large business administrators of having the several bureau chiefs come together with me twice a month to discuss and confer regarding the most important administrative subjects. This enabled me to keep better informed and served to make the various heads of bureaus conversant with the whole scope of the Department, preventing overlapping and duplication of functions. I learned that this simple administrative method had never been made use of before in Federal departments, but thereafter it was adopted by several of the other department heads.

Thanks to Mr. Cortelyou's admirable organization of the Department, I found, almost without exception, a fine and competent set of men in charge of its several branches. Some of them were friends of Roosevelt, members of his "tennis cabinet," and were thoroughly imbued with his spirit and ideals. The Assistant Secretary was Lawrence O. Murray, a capable and conscientious official. James R. Garfield, chief of the Bureau of Corporations, devoted himself to the difficult task of exposing the abuses and legal infractions of some of the great corporations, and did it with judgment and ability, and with conspicuous courage. Charles P. Neill, chief of the Bureau of Labor, a laboring man in his early days, and afterwards an instructor at Notre Dame, and Professor of Economics at the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., was eminently qualified for his duties and had the confidence alike of the labor leaders and employers. Dr. Samuel W. Stratton, a scientist of distinction and a fine administrator, was then and still is chief of the Bureau of Standards, a veritable institution of science.

AT HOME IN THE "VENETIAN PALACE"

My wife had so promptly put our household in order that in a week after our arrival we were comfortably installed in our Washington home, No. 2600 Sixteenth Street, a house known as the "Venetian Palace." It was a new house, built by Mrs. John B. Henderson, and well suited to our needs and for entertaining. The social functions in Washington I found most agreeable. During the season we either gave a dinner or attended a dinner on an average of five evenings a week, but these occasions were not burdensome because they usually ended by ten-thirty o'clock.

According to custom, President Roosevelt at the beginning of the season designated the date on which each Cabinet member was to give a dinner to the President, and the date assigned to me was February 19. It had been usual for each host to invite to this dinner all the other Cabinet members and their wives, which left little opportunity to invite others. Roosevelt changed this custom, so that other friends of the host were invited rather than one's fellow-members in the Cabinet. Foreign diplomats also were not invited, the entire purpose being to give these occasions the character of intimate gatherings, not large, usually from eighteen to twenty-five guests.



(C) Underwood

"On Christmas Day, Mrs. Straus and I received an invitation to come to the White House to see the Christmas tree"

Our dinner went pleasantly. The President was in his usual good humor. Wines were served liberally, but it was Roosevelt's habit to drink very little. This I had observed on several previous occasions, both at the White House and elsewhere. Roosevelt usually took some white wine with apollinaris, and perhaps a glass of champagne. For this dinner my wife had secured the additional services of a certain colored cook in Washington, a woman famous for preparing terrapin, which was one of Roosevelt's favorite dishes.

The day after taking office I attended my first meeting. The Cabinet table is oblong, the President seated at the head, and to his right and his left the secretaries in the order in which their departments were created.

The meetings were informal and no minutes were taken or other record made. After some brief preliminary talk, in which the President often had some incident to relate or some amusing caricature or savage attack upon himself to exhibit, the business of the day began. The President called on every secretary, but in no fixed order. He presented such matters as he might deem important, or for information, or upon which he might want discussion and advice.

JAPANESE QUESTION SMOLDERS

Important among the immigration subjects were those which presented phases of the Japanese question, the immigration *en masse* of Japanese to the Pacific Coast States, California in particular. The matter was brought up by Secretary Root at one of the Cabinet meetings. The city of San Francisco had taken action excluding Japanese from the public schools. It was deemed detrimental for the white children of tender ages to be in the same classes with older and even adult Japanese who came to these schools to learn English.

The President insisted that, as it directly affected the relations between the two nations, it was a National concern. Secretary Root asked me whether I could furnish some data as to the use made of Hawaii by Japanese immigrants for circumventing our Contract Labor Law, as many of the Japanese immigrants were coming to the mainland via Hawaii. Upon looking into this matter, I found during the year previous fully two-thirds of the Japanese came via Hawaii. The President took the situation in hand and had the Mayor of San Francisco and other leaders of the Japanese agitation come to Washington.

The obnoxious matter was finally adjusted with Japan in a manner to allay irritation by a "gentlemen's agreement," by which that country itself was to prevent the emigration of its laboring classes. It was of course much better that the Japanese interdict emigration of their own people than that we offend that nation's pride by preventing their entrance, although it was made clear that we should pass an exclusion law if they did not take prompt and effective action. With some exceptions, this plan worked well. The whole Japanese question, however, was still smoldering.

Happily, our relations with Japan are now more peaceful than they have been for some time, and to a large degree this has been accomplished by the Four-Power Treaty negotiated at the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments in December, 1921. The various vexatious instances that had from time to time occurred in our relations with Japan were stimulated by German officers stationed in the Far East and fostered by the sensational

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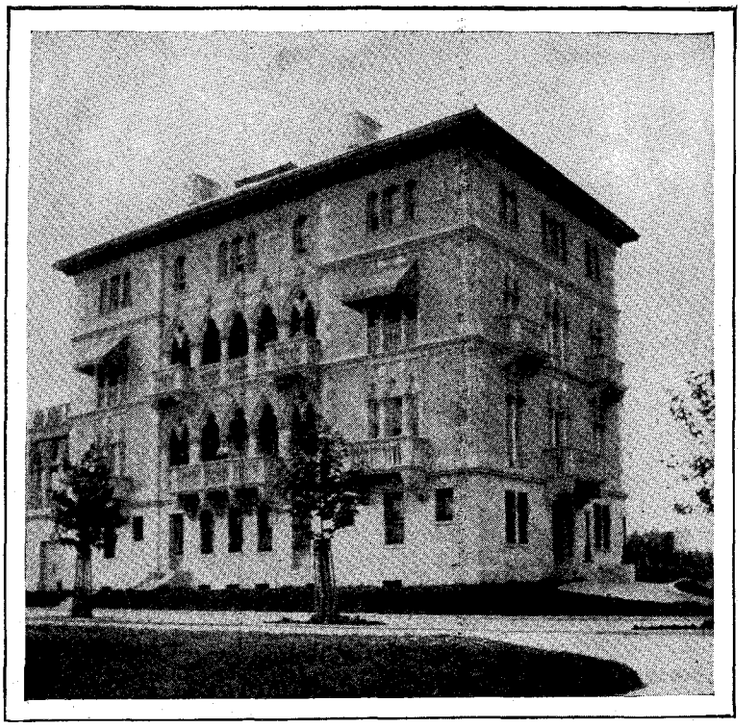

The "Venetian Palace," the Washington residence of Mr. and Mrs. Straus during Mr. Straus's membership in the Roosevelt Cabinet

press in both Japan and our own country. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance of 1911 came into being because of the aggression of Germany and Russia in the Far East. After the World War of course this condition no longer obtained, and as the *raison d'être* of the alliance had therefore vanished, there was a justified feeling in America that the continuance of the treaty was a menace to our country. This fact was not unrecognized in Great Britain itself. As Mr. Balfour stated at the Washington Conference, it was necessary to "annul, merge, destroy, as it were, this ancient and outward and unnecessary agreement, and replace it by something new, something effective, which should embrace all the Powers concerned in the vast area of the Pacific." By the Four-Power Treaty the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was automatically discontinued and Great Britain, the United States, France, and Japan became associated in friendly partnership as guardians of the peace in the Far East.

A TRIP TO HAWAII

That summer I decided to combine business with pleasure by taking a vacation trip along the Canadian border from Montreal to Vancouver to inspect the lighthouse and immigration services, then down the Pacific coast and to Hawaii, where I might acquaint myself with regard to immigration as it affected the Japanese question. The President thought this would be a useful trip and urged me to take it.

In the administration of a department such as that of Commerce and Labor it was important to familiarize one's self as much as possible with its outlying branches, to become personally acquainted with the various officers and the details of their work and surroundings, thereby to enable one better to do the administrative work than by remaining at one's desk.

After leaving Vancouver, we stopped a few days each at Seattle, Portland, and San Francisco, where I conferred with the officials of the Department. From San Francisco we took a steamer to Hawaii, on board which we met George R. Carter, Governor of Hawaii, returning from a vacation in the United States, and Congressman and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. It made a very pleasant party.

The authorities and the population gave us a rousing welcome, cannons saluted, and the militia was out to escort us. Only once before since the island became United States territory had a Cabinet official paid a visit, and that was two years before when Secretary of War Taft stopped there for a few days *en route* to Japan. We were comfortably installed in the Hotel Moana, in the suburb of Waikiki.

The islanders showered upon us bounteous hospitality in every conceivable form. Governor and Mrs. Carter entertained the Longworths and us in the official residence, the former palace of the Hawaiian rulers, in the throne room of which hung the portraits of those rulers from earliest times to the deposed Queen Liliuokalani. The reception was a brilliant occasion. The leading officials and the *élite* of the population were there; the grounds were beautifully illuminated; and the Royal Hawaiian Band played the soft, plaintive music so typical of the mild temperament of the people and the luxuriant foliage of the island.

The island residents impressed me with the great need for better shipping facilities between the mainland and the islands. The coastwise shipping laws applying to them since annexation penalized the carrying of passengers or freight in other than American bottoms. Foreign ships accepting either passengers or freight to American ports on the coast were heavily fined. The result was, not only inconvenience to residents who for one reason or another needed to leave the islands, but the loss of much perishable freight, principally fruit, which rotted on the wharves waiting for American ships. I promised them that I would do everything in my power to help them get the shipping facilities they needed.

As we sailed out of the harbor on the Asia, bedecked with Hawaiian flowers, the Royal Hawaiian Band played its farewell music. The last words we heard from the Hawaiian shore were "Aloha Nui," the Hawaiian farewell.

HARMONIZING HUMAN AND BUSINESS INTERESTS

In a Department like mine, which covered so many and such varied subjects, the conflict between human and property interests was often apparent. Roosevelt had told me that whenever within my jurisdiction there occurred this conflict, he was sure I would lean to the human side, and I could always count on his support.

A striking example of this conflict grew out of an order I issued for the inspection of excursion and ferry boats at least three times a year instead of once. The summer before I took office the boiler of the General Slocum, a large excursion boat on the Long Island Sound, blew up and caused the death of nearly a thousand women and children. As spring approached and the excursion season drew near, I made up my mind to make all possible provision to prevent the recurrence of any such disaster.

I accompanied the supervising inspector-general, George Uhler, to witness the inspection of some passenger boats plying between Washington and Norfolk to get personal knowledge of the details of inspection. I carefully studied a report made to me by Mr. Murray, the Assistant Secretary of my Department, who had been a member of the board of inquiry into the Slocum disaster and later the Valencia wreck. I called a meeting of the Board of Supervising Inspectors of Steamboats and impressed upon them the importance of great care in inspection. I urged that no man be retained in the inspection service who was not thoroughly competent and efficient, since they had to deal with the protection of human life.

My order for more frequent inspection brought forth many objections from the steamboat owners, and a committee came to Washington and presented their grievances and objections direct to the President, in the hope of inducing him to overrule my instructions. They were patiently heard, but their main objection

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was that it would cost a little more and be a little more inconvenient to have three inspections instead of one, and the President gave them little more comfort than to make it quite clear that he was thoroughly in accord with my action for the provision of greater safety to human life. He told them he felt he was fortunate in having at the head of the Department of Commerce and Labor a man who was a humanitarian besides having large business experience, for, while it was his purpose to harmonize human and business interests, always when they conflicted he would lean toward the human side, as I had done in issuing that order.

SAVING THE SALMON

The President was deeply interested always in the natural resources of the country and their preservation, and asked me to take up the question of the Alaska salmon fisheries. It was certain that unless some drastic action was taken the salmon would be destroyed in the Alaskan waters just as they had been in the Columbia River. Roosevelt felt that Wood River ought to be closed. I devoted parts of two days to a hearing on the subject. The cannery interests were represented by their counsel and the Fishermen's Union by several of its officers. Senator Fulton, of Oregon, as well as the two Alaskan Delegates in Congress, pleaded for the closing of the rivers.

After hearing all sides and studying the question I signed an order directing the closing of both the Wood and Nushagak Rivers to trap and net fishing, and if the law had not applied only to rivers at a distance of five hundred feet from the mouth, I should have directed the closing also of Nushagak Bay, where extensive trap fishing was carried on.

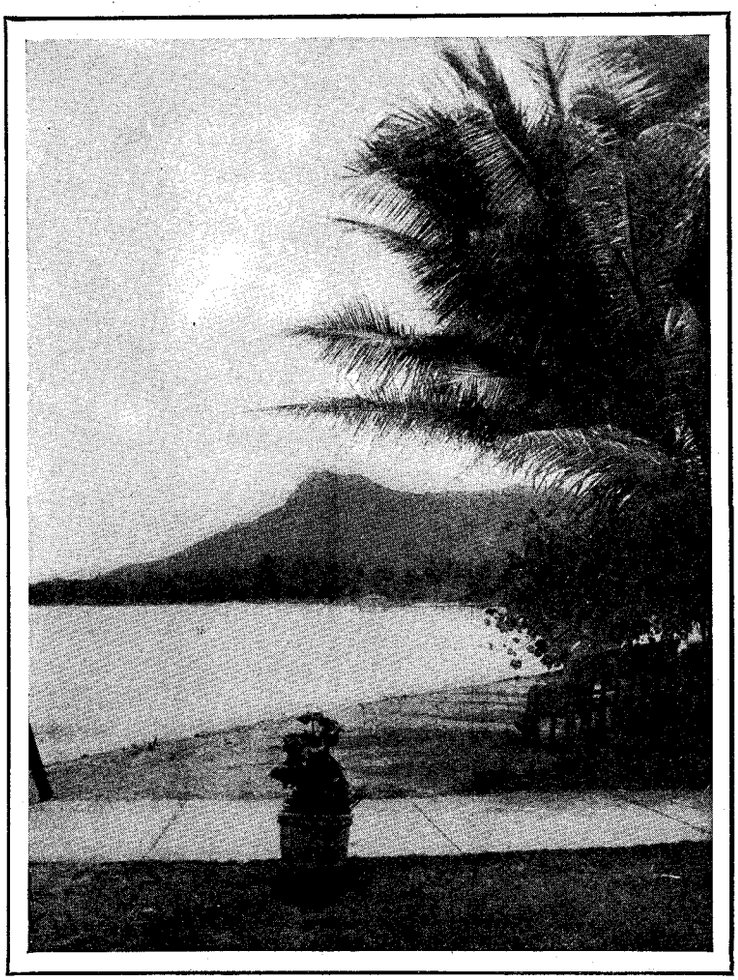
HOW THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES ORIGINATED

When I was President of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, I was impressed with the importance of establishing a closer relationship between the commercial bodies of the country and the Government. Shortly after I became Secretary of Commerce and Labor, therefore, I sought to accomplish that end. I had a study made by Nahum I. Stone, tariff expert of the Bureau of Manufactures, of the relations between the European governments and their commercial bodies, especially in Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Belgium. I sent invitations to about forty of the leading chambers of commerce, boards of trade, and other commercial organizations throughout the country to send delegates to Washington for a two days' conference, with a view to bringing about an organization of these bodies for the purpose of co-operation between them and the departments of the Government having to do with commerce and manufactures.

Accordingly, on December 5 a representative gathering of over one hundred delegates met in my Department, and I put before them a plan for organization. I invited Secretary Root, who took a deep interest in the scheme, and he made a thoughtful address, in which he impressed upon the gathering the things that ought to be done, and could be done only through organization and the power of concerted effort. Andrew D. White, our Ambassador at Berlin, had sent to the President a letter containing the proposal that a method of instruction in commerce be applied at the instance of our Government, as had been done in agriculture; this interesting proposal I read to the meeting.

I then went with the delegates to the White House, where the President addressed them. In the afternoon Gustav H. Schwab, of the New York Chamber of Commerce, was elected temporary chairman and the organization of the Council proceeded. A committee on organization and one on rules were appointed, and it was decided that an advisory committee of fifteen members was to have headquarters in Washington. On December 5, 1907, therefore, the National Council of Commerce came into being.

Later the Council was reorganized and called the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which to-day is an important institution in the commercial life of our country.



(C) Underwood

Diamond Head, from the Waikiki Beach, Hawaiian Islands. As Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Mr. Straus visited Hawaii, where he and his party received a rousing welcome

SESSIONS WITH LABOR CHIEFS

To bring about a similar relationship between the Department and the labor bodies, I called another conference in February, 1909, to which I invited the leading labor representatives throughout the country, and about fifty attended. Unfortunately, my term of office was drawing to an end and there was not time to organize this wing, but I urged the men to insist upon the continuance of the conferences and the co-operation with the Department thus established.

The matters discussed at this meeting were mainly how best to lessen unemployment, how the Division of Information under the Bureau of Immigration might be administered for the greater benefit of labor in general, and how the Nobel Peace Prize, which President Roosevelt had set aside for a foundation for the promotion of industrial peace, could be made most effective. There were addresses by Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor; Warren S. Stone, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; William F. Yates, President of the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association; and Terence V. Powderly, Chief

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of the Division of Information in the Bureau of Immigration. The presiding officer was Daniel J. Keefe, Commissioner-General of Immigration and Naturalization.

During my term of office repeated efforts were made in Congress, backed by organized labor, to divide my Department and make two of it—the Department of Commerce and the Department of Labor. I successfully opposed this plan, my idea being that labor and capital were the two arms of industry, the proper functioning of which could best be secured by co-operation, which in turn could best be promoted by administering their interests together. In this I had the support of Roosevelt. During the Taft Administration, however, the bill was passed creating the Department of Labor.

CONCERNING POLITICAL FENCES

On April 3, 1908, the Savannah Board of Trade celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, and I was asked to be one of the speakers. On this trip my wife and younger daughter accompanied me. The Mayor and prominent citizens of my former home, Columbus, upon learning of our presence in the South, sent us a pressing invitation to visit that city, where a dinner was presently given at the Opera House. The dinner was served on the stage, and while the toasts were being responded to the curtain was raised, disclosing an auditorium crowded with people. I was touched by this fine attention by the citizens of my former home, who took great pride in the fact that one of their former townsmen was a member of the Cabinet. In the audience were several of my schoolboy friends and those of my brothers, and I found several friends and companions of my parents still among the living.

In the South at that time it was still rare for a person to change his politics, and one of the questions that was put to me was why had I, a member of a Democratic family, once a Democrat myself, and even having held office under a Democratic President, changed over to the Republican side. In other words, why had I been on both sides of the political fence?—though they were too polite to ask the question in that direct form. I told them that perhaps no one had a better right than they to ask. It was true, I said, that I had been, as it were, on both sides of the fence, but that was not my fault; the fence had been moved. This produced great merriment.

CHRISTMAS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

On Christmas Day Mrs. Straus and I received an invitation by telephone to come to the White House between three and four o'clock to see the Christmas tree. Some thirty or forty guests were there. In one of the side rooms in the basement of the house was assembled a large company of children. The room was darkened, that the lighted tree might stand out. There were presents for all the children, and Mrs. Roosevelt played Lady Bountiful to see that each child got its gift. Upstairs in the Red Room the gentlemen sat smoking. It was a genuinely joyful and happy day.

The social season in Washington is usually begun with the President's New Year's reception, which lasts from eleven o'clock until half-past two on New Year's Day. At a few minutes before eleven o'clock the officials and their wives assembled upstairs, and promptly at eleven the President and Mrs. Roosevelt led the march to the Blue Room. The procession marched toward the main stairway, where the line divided, the ladies going to the left and the gentlemen to the right, reuniting at the first landing; then through the main hall, where the passageway was roped off through a crowd of specially invited guests.

The order following the President was: the Cabinet officers; the *doyen* of the diplomatic corps, the Italian Ambassador and his staff; the Ambassadors and Ministers of the other nations, according to rank. After them, grouped in more or less regular order, the Justices of the Supreme Court, headed by the Chief Justice; Senators; Representatives; Army and Navy officials; the officers of the Government.

On New Year's Day every one is accorded the right to pay his or her respects to the President. The officials come straight to the White House and the uninvited guests form a line on the grounds. On the particular day of which I speak the line stretched through the grounds, along Pennsylvania Avenue and down by the State Department Building, probably more than half a mile long, and the President received about sixty-five hundred people in all. At two o'clock the iron gates of the White House grounds are closed, and those who had not reached that point by that time were barred out. The reception had to end promptly, as the Cabinet ladies who assist have to be present at the receptions at their own homes from half-past two until six, in accordance with a custom that has been in vogue probably since the days of Washington. Our buffet in the dining-room was kept well replenished, and there were champagne and punch served. We had in all about four hundred guests.

SOCIAL LIFE IN WASHINGTON

The official functions at the White House during the Roosevelt Administration were agreeable and in stately form. They were usually followed by an informal supper to which were invited personal friends and visitors.

Our series of official dinners began with the one to the Vice-President and Mrs. Fairbanks and ended with the dinner to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. In addition we followed the pleasant custom of the President and had guests to informal luncheons three or four times a week. These luncheons we gave in the sun-parlor back of our dining-room, which was one of the attractive features of our Venetian Palace.

It was my privilege to give the last Cabinet dinner to the President, on March 2, two days before the close of the Administration. The event had been postponed for a week on account of the death of the President's nephew, Stewart Robinson, whose mother was the President's sister. Governor and Mrs. Hughes, who were among our invited guests, stayed over when it was found that the dinner had to be postponed. Mrs. Roosevelt later informed me that she planned that our dinner should be the last, knowing that I had some sentiment about it which she and the President shared.

I have made several references to the wonderfully human touch characteristic of Roosevelt. On February 5, the day beginning the last month of his Administration, a messenger from the White House brought me a package containing a large folio, a handsomely illustrated memorial volume describing the Castle of Wartburg in Saxony, in which Luther was confined and where he worked on his translation of the Bible. The book had been prepared by official direction, and Roosevelt had received two copies of the royal edition, one from the Kaiser personally and one from the Chancellor, which latter he sent to me with this inscription:

"To Mr. and Mrs. Oscar S. Straus, in memory of our days together in the Administration; days which I have so much enjoyed and appreciated. Theodore Roosevelt. February 5, 1909."

THE DRAMATIC STORY OF THE PROGRESSIVE CAUSE

The birth of the Progressive party and Roosevelt's campaign for the Presidency in 1912 are tersely described in next week's chapter of the Autobiography. Roosevelt's defeat is explained. The attempted assassination of him by a lunatic in Milwaukee is described. His dramatic appearance at the final mass-meetings at Madison Square Garden, contrary to the advice of his physicians, is brilliantly pictured. This chapter contains some of the finest and most memorable excerpts from Roosevelt's speeches. The nomination of Mr. Straus himself as candidate for Governor of New York in the same year, the stampeding of the convention, and his participation in that tumultuous campaign are depicted with great vividness in this historic chapter.

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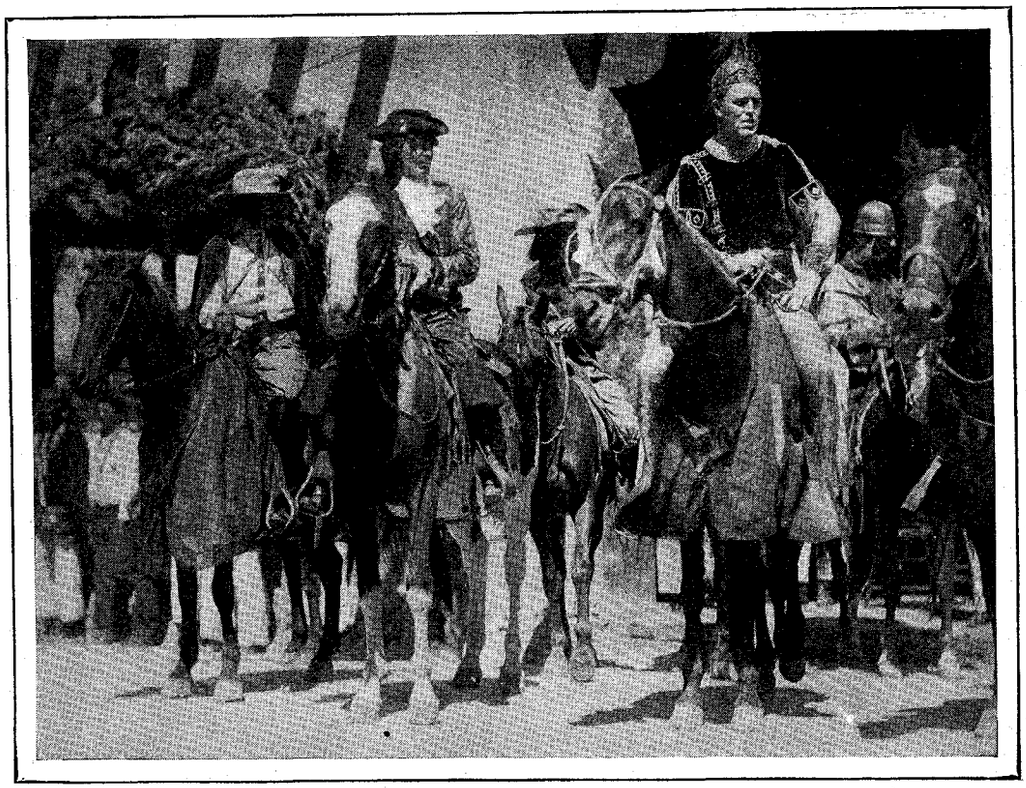
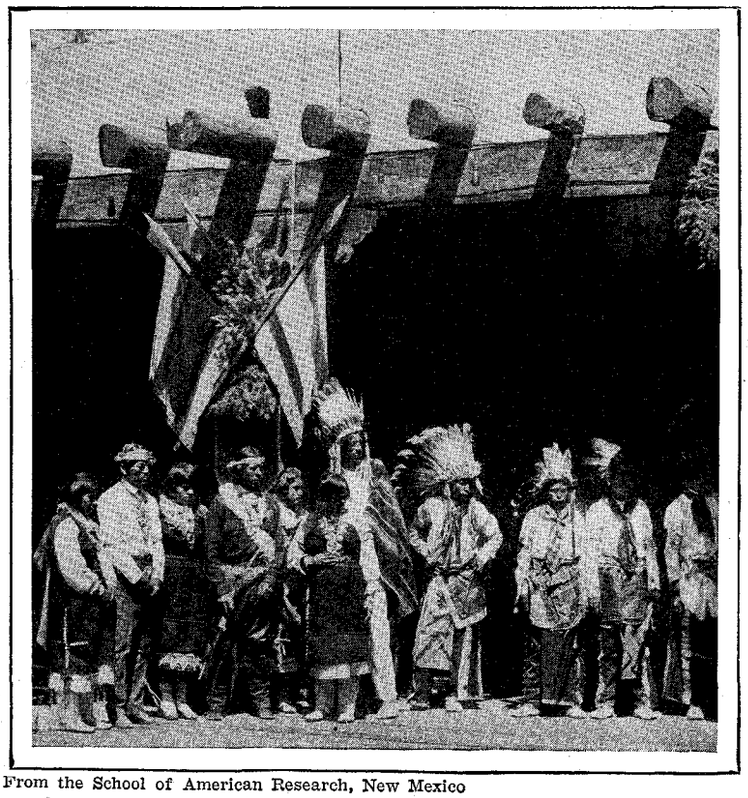
THE MAKING OF AMERICA

PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS



From A. Fagerberg, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Santa Fe, New Mexico, the oldest capital in the United States, has an annual fiesta or celebration commemorating the reconquest from the Pueblo Indians by the Spanish in 1693. For 210 years this festival has been observed, and now it takes the form of a three-day pageant, unique in its historical setting, color, and significance. This picture shows a modern Santa Fean in the rôle of Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan Ponce de Leon, who did the recapturing, accompanied by two of his chief captains. The de Vargas Day was September 5 this year



From the School of American Research, New Mexico

Spanish government was established in Santa Fe in 1606 and overthrown by the Pueblos in 1680, and when de Vargas recaptured the place in 1693 hundreds of submissive Indians witnessed the ceremony. The Indians here seen are the descendants of those red men of old and are impersonating them in the Santa Fe Fiesta, watching the approaching of de Vargas. They are standing before the old Palace of the Governors, exactly where the original ceremony took place. This old Palace has housed more than one hundred Governors of New Mexico — Spanish, Pueblo, Mexican, and American—beginning with Onate in 1606. Among these was Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur"

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THE BOOK TABLE

LITERARY NEUROSIS

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

NO matter how fond we may be of reading and how we may look back with a sense of delight at some of the most delicious moments of our lives when we were absorbed in some entrancing tale, it still remains true that all of us experience restless periods, when nothing in the way of a book seems to satisfy us.

And the worst of it is, this feeling appears to grow; just the thought that it is growing, that it is little by little getting the best of us, makes us yet more restless. That is, it does if we have a conscience. Singular to state, a large proportion of us still have consciences lingering somewhere about in our systems, although we may not realize this. It is the restless wandering of this conscience as it travels up and down our spinal cord and flops about in our medulla oblongata, only to rise up and patter aimlessly through the bewildering maze of our gray matter—it is this that only aggravates our case of literary neurosis. There is undoubtedly, however, a proportion of people who either have no literary conscience at all or who by long practice have succeeded in utterly eliminating it. To contemplate these poor wretches may be of great benefit, because they serve as a warning—they reveal concretely what we ourselves may come to unless we take ourselves in hand. These are the people who go from mystery story to mystery story, who, like advanced opium-eaters, demand a thrill on every half-page, and who if you should as much as mention to them the novels of Jane Austen would fall into a coma.

But it doesn't matter whether this disease of literary neurosis has only just attacked us or whether we are in the last, say the Oppenheim, stage of it, the quality of the result is the same; only the degree and intensity differ. Let us face it bravely and discover if we can cure ourselves of it.

It is a universal malady. It afflicts the scholar alike with the dilettante. Rousseau writes somewhere of the delights of a vacation where one takes along all the books one has planned to read—and never reads them. There is undoubtedly the greatest benefit in that kind of evasion. Indeed, a most convincing argument could be built up which would show the superiority of the moral progress to be made from not doing all the things we have planned. There may be, indeed, a deliberate intention to evade the things we plan. Thus there is the old jest of the lady who always does shopping without ever buying anything; and most of us have had the experience of laying out a journey beforehand and by some slight accident of having our direction completely diverted to some other destination suddenly, and by this happy mischance opening up a whole unexplored world of hitherto unimagined delights.

But literary neurosis is quite another affair. It is a progressive ailment. It may begin with "Vanity Fair" and end with "The Sheik." For sufferers from this ailment, Shakespeare did an unpardonable thing when he wrote: "No profit is where is no pleasure ta'en. In brief, sir, study what you most affect." Little by little, if we follow this rule, we fall, as fell the angels. I have seen spoiled young women, victims of this fell disease, wander all about a country house on a fine rainy day, from book-shelf to book-shelf where there were Dickens and Lamb and Conrad and Mark Twain and Stevenson, metaphorically wringing their hands, exclaiming: "Oh, there isn't a thing to read! There isn't a thing to read!"

Certain modern remedies at once suggest themselves. One of the most widely advertised is auto-suggestion. If we adopt this panacea of Professor Coué, we have only to say to ourselves every morning twenty times in a half-drowsy state: "I love deep reading more and more. Every day in every way I am getting better and better about deep reading." Do not fail, in repeating this formula, to add the magic phrase "In every way," because then you can tackle everything. Works on psychology and theology will fill you with delight, and a bound copy of the "Congressional Record" will excite your passionate interest.

But suppose after a fair trial this remedy should fail, as I am told occasionally happens. What then?

I have discovered a method that, although not without its difficulties, is of great benefit. If we come to analyze our motives for doing anything at all, we shall be amazed to see how the incentive comes from outside stimuli. For example, if you have a note coming due at the bank, say, in three months, your attention is very apt to be riveted to that fact and you have not the slightest difficulty in working like mad to be able to pay it. An automobile accident liability policy is the dullest reading there is, but if your car runs into anybody you read every word of the policy with your eyes glued to it. In much milder cases than these the thing works with astonishing power. You are fond of golf, but business has kept you nailed to your desk. Suddenly an old golfing partner drops in and says, "Come on! There's just time to get to the links." You are up to your ears, but the call of the wild golf ball is too strong, and so you fall, like the angels. You are off!

To circumvent literary neurosis, therefore, it is only necessary to cultivate a few literary specialists—say a Walter Scott rooter, a Jane Austen enthusiast, a Conrad crank, or a Shakespeare trailer. At first it will seem as if nobody ever read anything; but little by little you will be able to scare up these literary fans; and to-day our means of communication are so ample that you can reach any one of these anywhere in a few moments.

I recall quite vividly my first contact with a Conrad crank. I had picked up one of Conrad's novels a few days before meeting him, and, being afflicted with an attack of literary neurosis, I had wandered over its first pages aimlessly hoping there would be a killing. I couldn't get on with it. I mentioned this to the Conrad crank. There was a lambent gleam in his off eye; he grew rosy under the gills; then he began on me. In thirty minutes he had me worked up to a Conrad frenzy. I took an early train home that afternoon and sat up half the night until I had finished "Victory."

If you are a victim of literary neurosis with time and a fit of it both on your hands, call up one of your availables. Bait him a little. Say to him:

"Old man, is there anything good in what's his name—Robert Louis Stevenson? What is the best thing he ever

THE LOST ART OF TRUTH TELLING

The author of many volumes and a veteran reviewer comments on an Outlook book review in the following words:

> I must say a word in praise of Willis Fletcher Johnson's review of Van Loon's "America for Little Historians." It is not only a great piece of work, but it shows the highest kind of editorial judgment to publish it. Our periodicals generally are governed by too much timidity. Telling the truth is almost a lost art. If you can keep on reviving it in The Outlook you will command a great audience. The American people are pathetic in their craving for the truth, and to place it before them requires not so much courage as fine intelligence.

Willis Fletcher Johnson is honorary professor of history of American foreign relations at New York University. His incisive exposure of the inaccuracies in Mr. Van Loon's work, which has been widely recommended by librarians and school-teachers, was almost the first authoritative comment which the volume received. It was a type of review which The Outlook is always eager to secure and ready to publish.

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* * *

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The du Pont Company was one of the pioneers in developing the Chemical Engineer. Since its founding by E. I.du Pont de Nemours, who was himself a chemist, it has been building on the foundations of chemistry, for the manufacture of explosives called for increasingly higher forms of chemical knowledge. And in the early years of this century, the du Pont Company had come to have one of the finest research staffs in the country, and in addition a staff of *Chemical Engineers*, men who knew manufacturing as well as chemistry.

This staff was essential, for since 1802 the du Pont Company's larger service has been to be *ready* to supply the Government with whatever explosives it might need for the country's defense. And for the same reason, the company had acquired sources of supply for the large quantities of the raw materials that it might one day need—acids, nitrates, coal-tar products and other materials that were absolutely essential to the production of explosives.

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It may be another use of the same materials as in the manufacture of dyes. It may be a variation in process, as in the case of Pyralin and Fabrikoid. It may be a product like paints, varnishes, enamels, etc., in which the knowledge of the Chemical Engineer is needed, and the colors produced in dyes, may be used. It may be a product like ether, or a long list of chemicals that other industries use, which the du Pont Company produces in manufacturing its other products.

* * *

THUS, the seemingly unrelated products that carry the du Pont Oval are not strangers, but brothers in the same family. They are not merely the diversions of peace, but the peace uses of materials that the country's emergencies may require the du Pont Company to have at hand in overflowing abundance.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.

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OF THE

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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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O-11-22

(THE BOOK TABLE—*Continued*)

wrote?" The Stevenson addict will do the rest.

THE NEW BOOKS

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

CALIFORNIA: THE AMERICAN PERIOD. By Robert G. Cleland, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

California's history offers a fascinating field for study, and the author of this book has made excellent use of the abundant material at hand. His dignified and well-considered chapters are characterized not only by careful research but by a fitting sense of proportion and by a spirited treatment of many of the romantic and stirring incidents that filled California's early annals.

WHEN KANSAS WAS YOUNG. By T. A. McNeal. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

These are not "short stories" in the accepted definition of that term as denoting a brief tale of fictional character; but many of the sketches have the vivid interest that a good short story awakens. They deal with the rough life of border times, and breathe the tense atmosphere of life on the frontier during the turbulent period when desperadoes and gunmen made life difficult for the peaceful settlers of Kansas.

POETRY

HEROIC BALLADS OF RUSSIA (THE). By L. A. Magnus, LL.B. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

As Russia, in spite of its tremendous concentration in self-analysis and philosophical speculation, is the infant of civilized nations, so necessarily is it the last home of a living folk-lore. The great ballads of the Slav, perfected and crystallized through the fine sieve of an oral tradition, begin in the thirteenth century (a period which marks the full fruition and practical completion of the folk-lore of other countries) and come down to the Turco-Russian War. The literature, music, and art of modern Russia are in great measure based upon these ballad cycles. Mr. Magnus in his book has attempted a digest and narrative account of the earlier balladry of Russia. He, wisely enough, outlines no theories, but contents himself with setting forth the legends as they are. The result is a bulk of stirring and heroic tales, occasionally interspersed with passages in verse which illustrate the ballad meters and methods of composition of this root literature of Russia. His work is to be applauded, although so simple in imagery are the tales it is to be desired that the ballads themselves eventually receive by complete translations the recognition that is their due.

FICTION

TRAMPING ON LIFE. By Harry Kemp. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

Has the author of this "autobiographical narrative" modeled his book on Rousseau's "Confessions"? Some of the revelations make one think he has; but, so far as we remember, Rousseau did not include profanity among his foibles. People who can stomach the profanity and the sex stuff of this book will find it decidedly interesting in its discursive and conversational revelations of an unconventional personality.

VAN ROON (THE). By J. C. Snaith. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

There is a fascination about antique shops, and Mr. Snaith makes good use of that setting to interest his reader in the recovery and restoration of the marvelously beautiful Van Roon painting. Its adventures in the hands of Uncle Si, the miserly dealer, his assistant the super-simple William, and his niece the super-clever June are exciting and duly end in love and prosperity. Not exactly Mr. Snaith's strongest work.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

WOMEN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Winifred Stephens. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

The women of the French Revolution have filled a large space in history and literature. Such names as Marie Antoinette, Mme. Roland, and Charlotte Corday rank with Louis XVI, Mirabeau, and Danton in the list of the great characters of that epoch. The author of this book tells in detail and with literary

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skill the story of the lives of many of these women and reveals much that will be new to the average reader.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ATOLLS OF THE SUN. By Frederick O'Brien. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $5.

Experiences in visiting some of the less well known islands of the South Seas are here described by the author with characteristic vividness and charm of style. The story of the mutineers of the Bounty is retold and brought up to date, and will be read with avidity by all who are interested in that romantic idyll of the Pacific. Some of the natives who figured in Mr. O'Brien's previous books are again met with in these stirring chapters.

IN LOTUS-LAND JAPAN. By Herbert G. Ponting. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

Lovers of Japan will make no mistake in using this new edition of Mr. Ponting's "Lotus Land" as a gift book. The lure of the pictures and of the well-balanced text would win over even a Japanophobist to a liking for the wonderful islands and their remarkable people. The color plates are especially dainty.

NIGHTS AND DAYS ON THE GYPSY TRAIL. By Irving Brown. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

George Borrow is indirectly responsible for this delightful book about the Gypsies. The author, as a college boy, one day picked up Borrow's "Gypsies of Spain" and became absorbed in it. He learned his Romany vocabulary, and later visited Spain and mingled with the Gypsies on terms of familiarity that Borrow himself might have envied. The pages are full of color, incident, and insight into the character and life of these strange people.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

INITIATION, HUMAN AND SOLAR. By Alice A. Bailey. The Lucifer Publishing Company, New York. $3.50.

This book is dedicated "with love and reverence to the Master K. H." The Master K. H., it seems, dwells at Shigatse in the Himalayas, where he has lived for many centuries and "is in line for the office of World Teacher when the present holder of that office vacates it for higher work and the sixth root race comes into being." The "initiated" may find something worth while in the farrago of high-sounding words that fill these 200-odd pages, but to the average Anglo-Saxon the book will be useful only as offering a mild form of amusement.

LETTERS ON OCCULT MEDITATION. Received and Edited by Alice A. Bailey. The Lucifer Publishing Company, New York. $4.

These letters purport to come from a "Tibetan teacher" who prefers to remain anonymous. People of a mystical temperament may perhaps find in them some adumbration of the supposed wisdom of the East. Others may be amused at the long-drawn-out metaphysical disquisitions, akin to the dissertations of the Schoolmen of the Middle Ages. But much of the so-called "philosophy" will remind the reader of the jargon of the Keely motor cult of a generation ago and

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SHADOWS ON THE WALL
By F. W. Boreham

In his brief introductory note to this volume of his delightful essays the author remarks, by way of explanation of its title and characterization of its contents: "The figures that float across these pages are like shadows dancing on the wall. They show that life is crowded with realities and flooded with radiance, for without substance and sunshine there can be no shadows."
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This book is the fruitage of "nearly fifty years' meditations at Christmas time on the Canticles of the Incarnation," and has a distinct message as an interpretation of the divine purpose in the sending forth of the Divine Son into the world.
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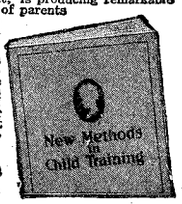

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The mind can heal. Whether the mind can heal alone is not the point. The mind *can* heal. And without the help of the mind, there can be no permanent healing. But what must the mind do to help? What must you say, think; what acts must you perform? Tons have been written on the mind's power to heal or assist in healing. Very little of what has been written is clear. The ordinary man or woman cannot understand it. A growing confusion has been the result. Now comes this book, SELF - HEALING SIMPLIFIED, by George L. Perin. It is the fruit of personal experience, of contact with thousands of lives. Dr. Perin was founder and head of the Franklin Square Home-Hotel for Girls and Women, in Boston. All over America are people whom he has helped to get well. There is literally no person living whom he cannot help with this book. Get SELF - HEALING SIMPLIFIED. Read it and do the simple things it tells you to do —things *anybody* can do. It will mean better health for you, surer courage, greater happiness.

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Children Love It

(THE BOOK TABLE—*Continued*)

will be likely to prove of little greater practical value than that celebrated imposture.

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MOONLIGHT SCHOOLS. By Cora Wilson Stewart. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

The story of the attempt to teach adult illiterates how to read and write, beginning in Kentucky and spreading to other States, is told in this book simply but with an eloquence that stirs the emotions. The photographs and letters of the pupils, some of them old men and women, who attended the "moonlight schools" after their day's work was done and mastered the rudiments of their subject, are altogether unusual and make an American proud of his race.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

ASCENT. By Frances Rumsey. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

AT SIGHT OF GOLD. By Cynthia Lombardi. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

CAPTAIN POTT'S MINISTER. By Francis L. Cooper. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $1.75.

CORNER IN WILLIAM (A). By Fannie Kilbourne. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

DUST OF THE DESERT. By Robert Welles Ritchie. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.75.

FORTUNE OF THE INDIES. By Edith Ballinger Rice. The Century Company, New York. $1.75.

FOUR AND TWENTY MINDS. By Papini. The Crowell Publishing Company, New York. $2.50.

KASTLE KRAGS. By Absolom Marten. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.75.

M'LORD OF THE WHITE ROAD. By Cedric Fraser. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

OLD HOUSE (THE). By Cecile Formay. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

PHANTOM GOLD. By Kenneth Payson Kempton. The Century Company, New York. $1.75.

SEA WRECK. By Vere Hutchinson. The Century Company, New York. $1.75.

WEST! By Charles A. Seltzer. The Century Company, New York. $1.90.

WHELPS OF THE WOLF (THE). By George Marsh. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. $2.50.

WINTERGREEN. By Janet Laing. The Century Company, New York. $1.75.

YEAR OF DELIGHT (THE). By Margaret Widdemer. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

COMING OF THE PEOPLES (THE). By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

HISTORY OF COMMERCE (A). By Clive Day. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.50.

EDUCATIONAL

CRIME. By Clarence Darrow. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.50.

LITERATURE OF THE WORLD. By Richardson & Owen, Boston. $2.

MISCELLANEOUS

HEALTHY BREATHING. By Eustace Miles. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.50.

TATLINGS. By Sydney Tremayne. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

VALIDITY OF AMERICAN IDEALS. By Shailer Mathews. The Abingdon Press, New York. $1.25.

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FORWARD TO YESTERDAY

BY J. C. LONG

THOSE who have been longing for the good old days may find them in Chillicothe, Missouri.

The high-speed living of the past forty ars—building up centers of population ound railway terminals, making dol- :s grow in the deserts, changing our eas of distance—has had its definite vantages. It has brought us better thes, more material comforts, a wider phistication; but until recently there s been felt the loss of neighborliness, od fellowship, and independence that tained in the days when commerce is over the turnpike.

In the early development of this coun- r cities prospered which were located the head of navigation or were situ- ed on main highways, such as the ston Post Road; but when steel rails gan to span the continent population d to follow them or be left out of the e of events. The very life of a town pended on its ability to connect with ne big railway system. Hundreds of nmunities were necessarily unable to complish this ambition and dwindled ay. The turnpike lost its significance. e rattling buggy and creaking farm gon were unable to keep up with the ift pace of progress set by the roaring omotive.

Near the beginning of the twentieth ntury, however, there came a new in- ument into human affairs whose effect the lives and happiness of the aver- e man is just beginning to be realized. is instrument was the motor vehicle. venty years ago there were less than irty thousand of these contraptions orting around the country, scaring rses and increasing the use of vivid cabularies. To-day there are over ten llion motor cars and trucks on the ads, or an average of one to every ten rsons.

Sinclair Lewis in "Main Street" and abbitt" has indicated how intensively e automobile has permeated the con- rsation and the living of the average nerican citizen. Babbitt finds in his r an outlet for creative desires, a sense release, a matter of pride. Others ve discussed what the car and truck ve meant to the farm population, or ain how it has developed suburban e, or yet again its effect on the recrea- on and business possibilities of the dividual.

But Chillicothe, Missouri, exemplifies a striking way the effect of motor ansport upon the town.

Chillicothe calls itself the "Highway ty." It has in a sense returned to the d-time characteristics of the turnpike wn. There are railways there, but the tstanding feature of its life and owth is its location on twenty-eight ghways, eleven of which are National oroughfares.

The growth of Chillicothe in the past venty years has been not so much in rms of population as in the well-being

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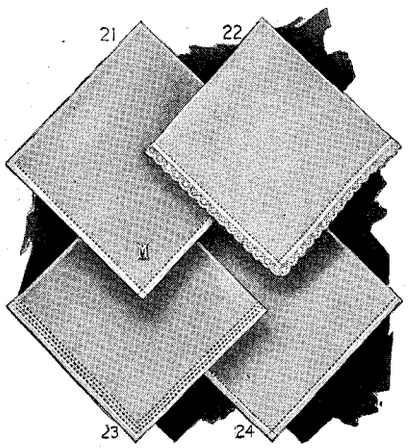

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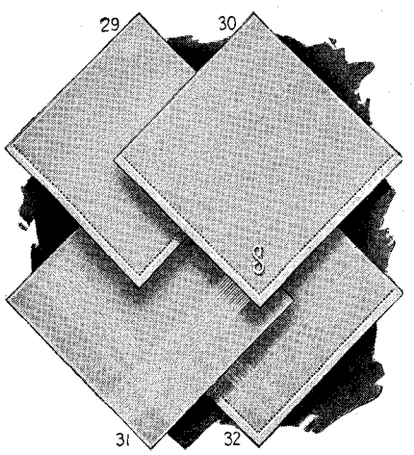

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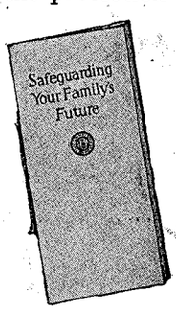

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FORWARD TO YESTERDAY
(Continued)

of its individual citizens. Bank deposits in the city have increased from $2,860,000 in 1917 to $4,000,000 in 1921.

It is a city of complete material well-being, as with a population of 10,000 there are 2,000 homes owned by individual families. In the current year $2,000,000 is being spent in private building and public works projects, the largest amount that has ever been spent in one year for the development of the city. The growth of motor transportation has demanded the building of a new hotel and has stimulated the remodeling and building up of the main business streets of the city.

Among the developments of the last decade are a new court-house erected in 1914, a Federal building completed in 1916, and a modern theater constructed in 1920.

The town has 14 churches, 2 daily papers, 15 school buildings, 2 modern hospitals, and a municipally owned water and light plant.

Chillicothe is the home of 300 traveling salesmen, who find it a convenient location, as the city is on the highway between Chicago and Kansas City, between Omaha and St. Louis, and between Minneapolis on the north and the highway to New Orleans on the south. Two through routes from coast to coast pass through the streets of Chillicothe which have twenty-five miles of paved surfaces.

Chillicothe, as an example of the small city of the new age, indicates how the advantages of urban life may be secured without its accompanying congestion and high rents. When the only means of swift modern transportation was the railway, it became necessary for the man who wanted city life to move into town and stay there, but to-day motor transport enables a man ten and twenty miles out of town to drive in for his shopping and entertainment without sacrificing the freedom and spaciousness of rural conditions.

We are, then, going forward into yesterday, a yesterday which saw a high degree of civilization in small groups of population, a yesterday of lower rents, with house and land for every family. Coupled with that yesterday are the advantages of to-day—the swifter means of locomotion, improved school buildings, all the comforts of modern life. We are achieving again the spirit of the old New England township, augmented, however, by the conveniences and satisfactions of the new age.

Chillicothe, indeed, is but one example of the effect of highways on the standard of living. Professor C. J. Galpin, now of the United States Department of Agriculture, when at the University of Wisconsin made some illuminating studies of rural life in relation to roads. His investigation showed that around an average trading center there is usually a country population as large as or larger than the number of persons living in the town itself. Where good roads exist, it becomes clear, then, that a city of 10,000 can offer the advantages of a center of

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FORWARD TO YESTERDAY
(Continued)

20,000, as it can count on that many persons to patronize its schools, churches, Chautauquas, and theaters.

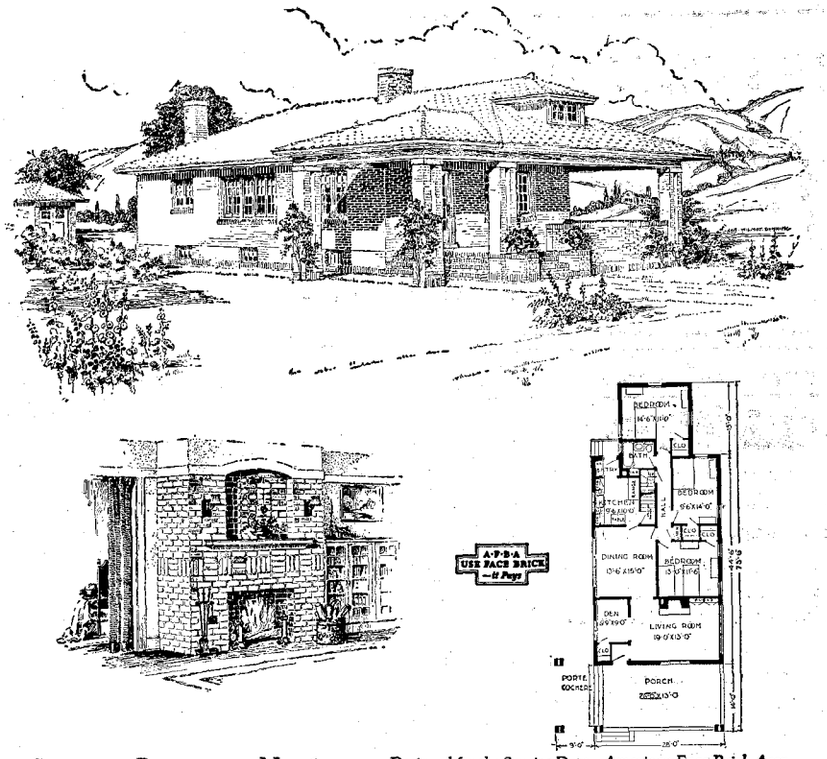
These Wisconsin studies, which were undertaken before the present development of motor transportation, showed that the number of children attending high school was closely related to road conditions in a given community. They indicated that these same conditions affected other contacts with the outside world. A list was made of twenty institutions, such as the Baptist Church, the Methodist Church, the Women's Club, the I. O. O. F., and the Grange. Each family in this county was queried as to whether it belonged to any, and how many, of the twenty institutions. It was found that the nearer one got to the town, the greater was the number of associations to which the average family belonged. Conversely, those living farther out had fewer contacts, and many families were found on the back roads who did not belong to one institution. This is the type of isolation which modern motor transportation is breaking down.

Perhaps the most valuable element in the life of yesterday was its independence. The community and the individual were relatively self-sufficient; both controlled their own transportation. We are coming to that state again today. The county may not be on the main highway, but it can readily build a road to connect with some main highway. Through this connection it is put in touch with the activity of the rest of the world. It has an outlet for its goods. It is assured of a tie-up with some main railway terminal. It has in effect created a spur-line route to its own front door.

So rapidly has the machine age developed that the question has often arisen whether man's own inventiveness might not be destroying him. Could he stand the pace of an industrial center? Would machinery result in the centralized control, stamping out the individual? There have been these dangerous tendencies, but there has also been an element of release from hard labor and saving of time in the progress of modern invention. Perhaps foremost on the social side has been the social influence of motor transportation eloquently attested by the two thousand individually owned homes of Chillicothe.

WANTED—CARTOONS

THE OUTLOOK wants to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspapers. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost the dollar bills to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require.



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MUSIC TEACHER, SPECIALIST for CHILDREN, desires position in FLORIDA. 2,923, Outlook.

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I know two refined ladies having in fine elevator apartment, convenient location, well furnished room, running water, bath adjoining, for rent, $25 weekly, without board. Suitable for one or two men. Best references required. Rev. George R. Van De Water, 67 East 89th St., New York.

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WANTED—Graduate nurse, executive and social service training. Salary $1,800. Trade union industrial and preventive health work. Painters Health Department, 80 East 11th St., New York.

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GOVERNMENT needs railway mail clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, B-4, Columbus, Ohio.

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WANTED—Resident office assistant, knowledge of stenography and typewriting. Well educated, conscientious, pleasing personality. State age, qualifications, references and salary expected. Location Hudson Valley, one hour from New York City. 2,941, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WORKING housekeeper—Family of four and governess. Cooking; waiting; no washing. References. Telephone Scarsdale 283, or P. O. Box 54, Scarsdale, N. Y.

WANTED. Young woman to act as mother's helper and assist in care and training of four small children. Ridgewood, N. J. 2,943, Outlook.

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ABOUT December 1, young woman 30 to 40 years as nurse-companion to semi-invalid. Must be able to read aloud. References and personal interview in New York necessary. Box 245, Morristown, N. J.

WANTED—Woman of refinement to take charge of six-room apartment for family of two, doing all work except laundry. All home privileges. Protestant desired. 2,924, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

MAN or woman to head department of education in Southern college for women, work beginning November 15. Woman to teach high school French. College graduates; fine salaries. The Interstate Teachers' Agency, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La.

WANTED—Young nursery governess for little girl of four. New York in winter. 2,942, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

TRAINED nurse, R. N., widow, is at liberty to take resident or traveling position. References. Box 116, St. Davids, Pa.

PROFESSIONAL nurse, refined, capable, desires position with elderly person or invalid. Experienced traveler. Best credentials. 2,918, Outlook.

Business Situations

FARM SUPERINTENDENT — Woman with 15 years' experience in farm management, and a student of horticulture in England and U. S. State agricultural colleges, wishes position to manage an estate with up-to-date dairy and poultry plant. 2,890, Outlook.

PRIVATE secretary, woman, desires position of trust and responsibility. 2,940, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

COLLEGE man, knowledge of forestry, desires semi-executive position on gentleman's estate. Surroundings more important than salary. 2,939, Outlook.

PART TIME WORK WANTED. Columbia law student, 27, seeks occupation afternoons, evenings. Clerical, secretarial, teaching, companionship; any kind of intelligent service. 2,922, Outlook.

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YOUNG man, colored, intelligent, polite, pleasing address, desires position messenger or attendant, bank or business firm. Best reference. 2,931, Outlook.

SOCIAL or private secretary. Six years in same family. French and English. Highest business and social references. 2,932, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED cafeteria, tea-room manager desires position. 2,935, Outlook.

SECRETARY-stenographer. Trained expert. Cultured young woman. Ten years' experience, including editorial and positions of trust. Highest references. 2,920, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

MATRON of girls' school wishes change of situation at Christmas. Would travel or consider any position of trust. American and Canadian references. 2,245, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, Protestant, social and business experience America and Europe, speaking French, desires position as chaperon, courier, secretary. 2,876, Outlook.

INDUSTRIAL position desired by graduate, registered nurse of long experience. 2,887, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as supervising housekeeper by experienced woman of ability, education, refinement. Pleasing personality. Last position held eight years. 2,892, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN desires position—companion, social secretary, hostess. 2,936, Outlook.

LADY desires position as companion-housekeeper with elderly lady or two or three business women. 2,937, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

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FRENCH governess, Protestant, excellent references, thoroughly experienced and reliable, wants post. Would travel. Mademoiselle Fouquet, 46 Myrtle St., Bloomfield, N. J.

EXPERIENCED lady teacher. English, history, domestic science. 2,934, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

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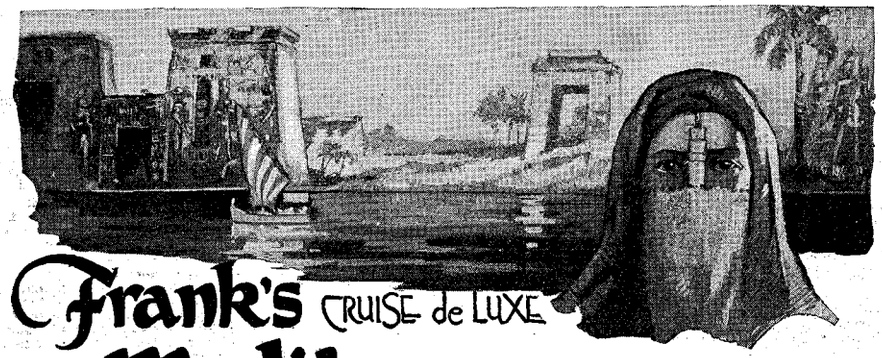

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BY THE WAY

THE caption-writer of the London "Sphere" seems not to have been around the globe much, notwithstanding the title of his paper. In a recent issue he says that the Municipal Building of New York City is "situated on the 'Great White Way' of the American capital"!

The President of the Harvard Club of Singapore writes from that antipodean port to the "Harvard Alumni Bulletin" that his club is small but flourishing, and is doing what it can to advance the interests of Harvard on that side of the world. To this end, he says, a small model of the John Harvard statue has been placed in the office of the Colonial Secretary for the Straits Settlement," "where it is doing a great deal to remove the impression generally current among official Britons that Harvard is merely the name of a beer." Furthermore, he announces, a large photograph of the last Harvard-Yale football game has been hung in the club-house of the Dyak Head Hunters Association of North Borneo, where it is arousing enthusiastic interest among the young and enterprising head hunters, who believe that they could pick up some valuable hints during a course at Harvard.

Athletes, owing perhaps to their severe training and strenuous exertions, are often short-lived. An exception to this rule, if it is a rule, is furnished by the career of Henry E. Buermeyer, who recently died at the age of eighty-four. He was one of the founders of the New York Athletic Club and the first amateur champion heavyweight boxer of the United States. In his prime he could put up two ninety-eight pound dumbbells at the same time, could lift 1,250 pounds from the floor, and could run a hundred yards in 10¼ seconds. He held more than fifty medals which he had won in athletic events of various sorts.

In "Studies of the Chinese Drama," by Kate Buss, it is said that in Chinese theaters the pleasant custom obtains of collecting the admission fee during the evening after those persons who may not find themselves interested in the performance have had time to depart. In other cases money may be tossed upon the stage at the end of a performance. All Chinese theaters, it is remarked, have certain unhygienic customs such as a common use of wet towels, passed about to "refresh" the audience; the omnipotent teacup; and the unfreshened air. Stands for teapots and cups are within reach of everybody, and tea is served continuously; even an actor may be offered a cup of tea while playing, if his part is difficult or prolonged.

The so-called evil smells of China, the author of the above-quoted book observes, are traditional, and give pleasure to the Chinaman, whose idea of sweet and foul differs from our own. The

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Chinaman's scent perception is more highly developed than the Westerner's, it seems; we cultivate mainly sight and hearing, while the Chinese revel in "sweet" odors that to us are objectionable.

"On two successive pages of your issue of October 4," a subscriber writes, "an incorrect quotation occurs—'He who runs may read.' The passage from which this is taken is in the Bible, Habakkuk ii. 2, 'And the Lord answered me and said, Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.' As annotated in the Scofield Reference Bible, 'that he may run that readeth—*i. e.*, as a messenger of the vision.'"

This is doubtless a correct interpretation of the Scripture; but our quotations have the sanction of usage as crystallized by the poets. Cowper, for instance:

> But truths on which depends our main concern,
> That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,
> Shine by the side of every path we tread
> With such a luster he that runs may read.

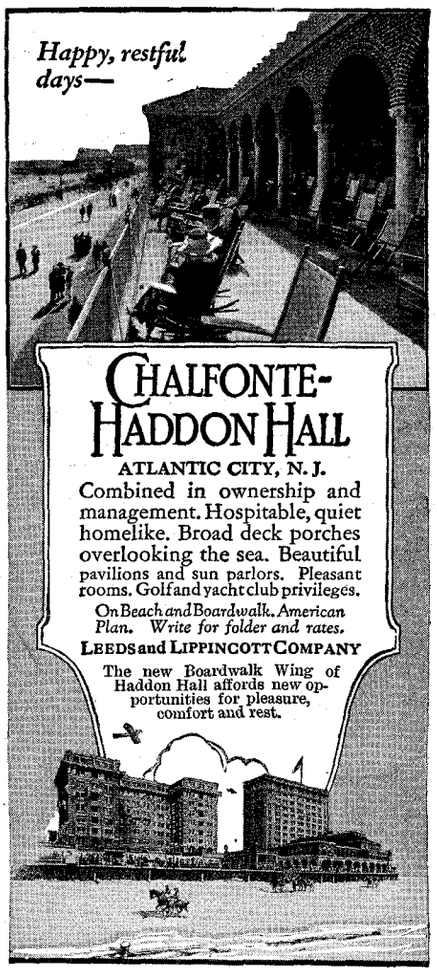
And Tennyson:

> Read my little fable:
> He that runs may read.
> Most can raise the flowers now,
> For all have got the seed.

An "anti-feminist reaction" is noted in the "Woman Citizen" as gaining force in several countries, among them Great Britain. As illustrating the point, it is said that a woman physician, who until recently held a position as adviser at a maternity clinic in England, was dismissed when she married!

America does not share in the reaction above noted by the "Woman Citizen," for it continues to give women greater advantages. The latest privilege conferred by a new Federal law, according to the "Citizen," gives the alien-born woman the opportunity of becoming an American citizen after only one year's residence. It takes away from her, however, the easy method of becoming a citizen by annexing a native husband. The law, fortunately, is not retroactive, and foreign-born women who have been forehanded in acquiring citizenship through the marital method will not lose their standing as citizens.

San Francisco has more hotels than any other city in the United States except New York, according to a recent report of the Hotel Association. It has only four houses, however, of the "first capacity"—hotels having more than 450 rooms. Of these New York has 18, Chicago 11, Los Angeles 5; Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Minneapolis, New Orleans, and Pittsburgh each have three; Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Washington have two; Philadelphia has one. Atlantic City and Saratoga, strangely enough, are not included in this list.



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AN outline study of current history is published each week based on that week's issue of The Outlook and is sent without charge to all subscribers who request it, but is especially designed for groups of students engaged in the study of current events, history, civics, English, etc. Information as to special rates for subscriptions ordered in quantities for class work will be sent on request to

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Dr. John Dewey's

criticism of China's Missionary Schools appeared in the New Republic some months ago.

"American missionary education [in China] has failed," thus Dr. Dewey quotes a Chinese student, "to develop independent energetic thought and character among even its most distinguished graduates. It has produced rather a subservient intellectual type, one which is characterized as slavish."

Dr. Guy W. Sarvis,

Professor of Economics and Sociology in the University of Nanking, replies to Dr. Dewey's criticism in one of the most trenchant and informing articles on Christian educational ideals in China that has yet appeared.

"Many of us who are in missionary educational work in China are former students of Dr. Dewey or enthusiastic followers of his educational and philosophical doctrines. We believe he desires to aid China in every possible way. We do not understand why, on the basis of assumption and hearsay, he has used the weight of his influence to damage institutions which, with all their imperfections, are making possible the most important contribution of America to China."

Dr. Sarvis' reply will appear in a forthcoming issue of The Christian Century.

"CHRISTIANIZING PUBLIC OPINION"

By SAMUEL McCREA CAVERT

The educational function of Christianity is not accomplished until the public opinion of the social order has itself been made Christian, so says Dr. Cavert in two articles about to appear in The Christian Century. These articles illuminate the concept of the social responsibility of the church.

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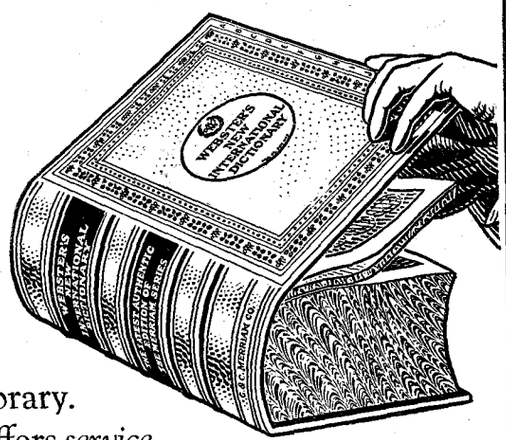

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